

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

WRITTEN IN THE

TIME of the LATE WARS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

FROM THE

TEXT of ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N :

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HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage, are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own :
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set fo'ks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5
For Dame Religion, as for punk ;

V. 1. To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1684, to *civil fury*, but was restored in the edition of 1704, and has continued so ever since.

V. 3. By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times.

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
 When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long ear'd rout, to battle sounded; 10
 And pulpit, drum-ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling.
 A wight he was, whose very sight would 15
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Knight Worshipful on shoulder-blade; 20
 Chief of domestic Knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
 Mighty he was at both of these, 25
 And styl'd of War as well as Peace:
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water)
 But here our Authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout:

V. 11, 12. Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

V. 13. Our Author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kind of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

V. 17, 18. *i. e.* He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

V. 23. In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized; philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool 35
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras; 40
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write)
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit, 45
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on holy-days, or so, 50
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd 55
 His bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground, 60

V. 55, 56. This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd :
And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a profelyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critic, 65
Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute : 70

He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice, 75
And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination ;
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do. 80

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why, 85
And tell what rules he did it by ;

Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90
But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich ;

V. 75. Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent
a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) a
malignant psalm.

A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect ;
 It was a party-colour'd dress 95
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on sattin ;
 It had an old promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ; 100
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent, 105
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large ;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words with little or no wit ; 110
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
 That had the orator, who once 115
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ; 120
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;

V. 109. The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out, Gospel-waking-times, &c.

V. 120. An eminent Danish mathematician ; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

Resolve by fines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over;
 Whate'er the crabbed't author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith: 130
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go;
 All which he understood by rote, 135
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong;
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell, 140
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where Entity and Quiddity, 145
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where Truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit or a fly: 150
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;

V. 152. *Irrefragable*. Alexander Hales, so called: he was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*, that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce :
 Profound in all the Nominal 155
 And Real ways beyond them all :
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull 160
 That's empty when the moon is full ;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve them in a trice ;
 As if Divinity had catch'd 163
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again ; 170
 Altho' by woeful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175
 Below the moon, or else above it ;
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side ;
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a High Dutch interpreter ; 180
 If either of them had a navel ;
 Who first made music malleable ;

V. 157, 158. Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued till 1704. And with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand.

V. 181. Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels ; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all :
 All this, without a gloss or comment, 185
 He could unriddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit ; 190
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant ;
 Such as do build their faith upon 195
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks ; 200
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on ;
 And still be doing, never done ;
 As if Religion were intended 205
 For nothing else but to be mended :
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss ; 210
 More pceevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;

V. 207, 208. The religion of the Presbyterians of those times, consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as—the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way ;
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215
 By damning those they have no mind to :
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite :
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for : 220
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow :
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin :
 Rather than fail, they will defy 225
 That which they love most tenderly ;
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose. 230
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were asfs and widgeon,
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

V. 213, 214. They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

V. 235, 236. Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him ; but refused, because, he said, it was stolen : but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare ; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world, that the old Pharisee and new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, " To strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward :
 That next of'all we shall discuss ;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus : 240
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face ;
 In cut and die so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile ;
 The upper part whereof was whey, 245
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
 The hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government, 250
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the State's were made :
 Like Sampson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue ;
 Tho' it contributed its own fall, 255
 To wait upon the public downfall :
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow ;
 Of rule as fullen and severe,
 As that of rigid Cordeliere : 260
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom, with resolution ;
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed State,
 In whose defiance it was worn, 265
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd :

V. 241. Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jaques' description of the Country Justice, in Shakelpeare's play, *As You Like It*.

Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
 As long as Monarchy should last ; 70
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of State,
 Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters 275
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow. 280

So learned Taliacotius, from
 The brawny part of porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech,
 But when the date of Nock was out, 285
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
 His back, or rather burden, show'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load :
 For as Æneas bore his fire
 Upon his shoulders thro' the fire, 290
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head for want of crupper :
 To poise this equally, he bore 295
 A paunch of the same bulk before,
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as a country house affords ; 300
 With other victual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305
 And tho' not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen; 310
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own:

Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food 315
 For warriors that delight in blood:

For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise; 320

And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stoutly in defence on 't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood,
 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:

And tho' knights errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough desarts vast,
 And regions desolate, they past, 330

Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
 Of their provision on record;
 Which made some confidently write, 335
 They had no stomachs but to fight.

V. 319. This and the seven following lines are not in the two first editions of 1663, and added in that of 1674.

'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd; 340
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons, 345
They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come. 350
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets 355
To shoot at foes, and sometimes puilets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful 365
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:

Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.
 This sword a dagger had, his page, 375
 That was but little for his age,
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do :
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging : 380
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
 Toast cheese or bacon ; though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care :
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth 385
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure,
 But left the trade as many more
 Have lately done on the same score. 390
 In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get :
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395
 To forage when the cocks were bent,
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap :
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And every night stood sentinel, 400
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
 Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
 But first, with nimble active force, 405
 He got on th' outside of his horse :
 For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T' his saddle on the further side,

It was so short, h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe :
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold of tail and main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something
 Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
 I wou'd say eye, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
 At spur or switch no more he skipt,
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
 And yet so fiery, he would bound
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender hooft,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up;
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
 Would often do to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back;
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:

His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd ;
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a channel :
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he wou'd flurt, 450
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir
 To active trot one side of 's horse, 455
 The other wou'd not hang an arse.

A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half :
 Tho' writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ; 460
 And when we can, with metre safe,
 We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses).
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465
 He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
 The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,
 Did leave it, with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir ; 470
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights

V. 457. Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, This famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moor-fields, who was always contriving some new querpo cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12, 'tis observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a taylor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators,"

CANTO I. H U D I B R A S.

19

Against the bloody Cannibal,
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire he had, as well 475
 As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold lace :
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knight's, but of another kind, 480
 And he another way came by 't ;
 Some call it Gifts, and some New-light ;
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;
 Like commendation nine-pence crook'd
 With—To and from my love—it look'd.
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth, 490
 And very wisely wou'd lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth ;
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too :
 For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle : 500
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way,
 Whatever men speak by this new-light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.

V. 487, 488. Until the year 1696, when all money not milled was called in, a nine-penny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these nine-pences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called *To my love*, and *From my love*.

'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the Spirit, 505
 Which none see by but those that bear it;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches, 510
 To make them dip themselves, and found
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon 515
 The note of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
 And speaks, thro' hollow empty soul,
 As thro' a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear: 520
 So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
 Into small poets song infuse,
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,
 Thro' reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible 525
 As three or four-legg'd oracle,
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;
 Spoke truth point blank, tho' unaware.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
 In magic, talisman, and cabal, 530
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches;
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences;
 And much of *Terra Incognita*, 535
 The intelligible world, could say;
 A deep occult philosopher,
 As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid lying much renown'd; 540

T I.

505

He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,

545

510

As he that *Vere adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;

550

515

What Member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.

He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise;

555

520

For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.

By help of these (as he profess)
He had First Matter seen undrest:

560

525

He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.

The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd;
Not that of Pastebord which men shew

565

530

For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great-grandfire, first o' th' name,

Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:

570

535

But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.

He could foretel what's ever was
By consequence to come to pass:

540

V. 573. The rebellious clergy would in their
prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people
in their rebellion.

As death of great men, alterations, 575
 Diseases, battles, inundations :
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood : 580
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' the Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to 585
 All mischiefs in the world men do ;
 Or like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590
 Examine Venus, and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
 And tho' they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600
 They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies :
 Like him that took the doctor's bill
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
 Cast the nativity o' the question, 605
 And from positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't,
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarhs, 610

575 And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves; 615
580 What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
But not what wise, for only' of those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620
585 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge perilous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight, 625
590 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate. 630
595 Few miles on horseback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But ere we venture to unfold 635
600 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse;
However critics count it fillier
Than jugglers talking too familiar; 640
605 We think, 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost:

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645
610 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,

And force them, tho' it was in spite
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
 Who (as we find in sullen writs,
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits) 650
 With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself, or wit-insuring friend ;
 The itch of picture in the front, 655
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
 All that is left o' th' Forked hill
 To make men scribble without skill ;
 Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
 And teach all people to translate, 660
 Tho' out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech ;
 Assist me but this once, I' emlore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665
 To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader :
 For brevity is very good,
 When w' are, or are not understood. 670
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market or of fair,
 And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
 In merriment did drudge and labour ;
 But now a sport more formidable 675
 Had rak'd together village rabble ;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call bear-baiting ;

V. 665. Brentford, which is eight miles west from
 London, is here probably meant.

T I.

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from

A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient heroes in high prize;
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make
 A circle, like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-rout:
 For after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion
 According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of bear,
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim,
 Altho' the bear gain much, being bound
 In honour to make good his ground
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
 If any pres upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent and other harms,
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
 We that are wisely mounted higher

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Than constables in curule wit, 715
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Proletarian tything-men; 720
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit
 That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725
 The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
 To save th' expence of Christian blood,
 And try if we by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake 735
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake,

V. 715. Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least; "That it was necessary for the House of Commons
 "to have a High Constable of their own, that will
 "make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the
 "heels;" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body; because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying, The power was too great for any man.

V. 736. This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more

But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented; 740
 There is a Machiavelian plot,
 ('Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not)
 And deep design in 't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother, 745
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*
 That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves, without cause? 750
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755
 But sure some mischief will come of it,
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest,
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 760
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
 Nor liberty of Consciences, 765
 Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;

closely in religion. It was received and taken by
 both Houses, and by the City of London; and or-
 dered to be read in all the churches throughout the
 kingdom; and every person was bound to give his
 consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
 To get them in their own no hands;
 Nor evil Counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King; 770
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Tho' we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death; 780
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so:
 But we, who only do infuse 785
 The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
 With man take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears;
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
 The point seems very plain to me;

It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting 805

770 Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the scripture on record;

Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing: 810

775 A vile assembly 'tis that can
No more be prov'd by scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.

Thirdly, It is idolatrous; 815

780 For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon. 820

785 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For tho' the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
(For that Bear-baiting should appear 825

790 *Jure divino* lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)

Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly *homæosis*, 830

795 *Tussis pro crepitu*, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt 835
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel times, as lawful as is
Provincial or Parochial Classis;

And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin, 840
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness ;
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage : 850
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;
 For what can Synods have at all,
 With Bear that's apalogical ?
 Or what relation has debating 855
 Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting ?

A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis* :
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both ? 860

If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for Bears as they ;
 For we are animals no less,
 Altho' of different specieses.
 But, Ralphe, this is no fit place, 865
 Nor time, to argue out the case :

For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 Another manner of dispute ; 870

A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words ;
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prowess and conduct adequate

To what our place and fame doth promise, 875
 And all the Godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 We're slurr'd and outed by success;
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand, can always hit; 880
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons 885
 Of great and mighty resolutions;
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth;
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed, 890
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out;
 Which tho' they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from example;
 We're not the only person durst 895
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
 And wound a Fiddler: we have both
 Of these the objects of our wroth, 900
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt, or victory to come,
 'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
 In foreign land yclep'd—

V. 904.] The writers of the *General Historical Dictionary*, vol. VI. p. 291. imagine, "That the
 " chasm here is to be filled with the words of *Sir*
 " *Samuel Luke*, because the line before it is of ten
 " syllables, and the measure of the verse generally
 " used in this Poem is of eight."

To whom we have been oft compar'd 905
For person, parts, address, and beard ;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought :
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success : 910
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.

Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on :
With ent'ring manfully, and urging, 915
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
So our's, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch ; 920
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.

So have I seen, with armed heel, 925
A wight bestride a Common-weal,
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

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HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Just so Romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name.

5

10

A pattern fit for modern knights
 To copy out in frays and fights,
 (Like those that a whole street do raze 15
 To build a palace in the place)
 They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of mothers,
 Or wives, or children, so they can
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
 Just like the manhood of nine taylors :
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd :
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out,
 Because he's tall, and has large bones,
 As men kill beavers for their stones.
 But as for our part, we shall tell 35
 The naked truth of what befel,
 And as an equal friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert, 40
 And never coin a formal lie on't,
 To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
 This being profess'd, we've hopes enough,
 And now to go on where we left off.
 They rode, but authors having not 45
 Determin'd whether pace or trot,
 (That is to say, whether tollutation,
 As they do term 't, or succussion)

We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how ; 50

15 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot :

But let that pass ; they now begun
To spur their living engines on :
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls, 55

20 The learned hold, are animals ;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60

25 So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65

30 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren ;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of steel beheld. 70

35 For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the ol',
Much further off, much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see ;
Yet not sufficient to descry 75

40 All postures of the enemy :
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers and their order,

45 V. 74. *Rais'd on, &c.*] *From off*, in the two first
editions of 1663.

V. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1673.

Courage within, and steel without,
To give and to receive a rout.

That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own. 30
 Mean while he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed:
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward;
 Courage and steel, both of great force, 35
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard; 90
 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about, 95
 Portending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war.
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did, 100
 But far more in returning made;
 For now the foe he had survey'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main-battle, wings and rear.

V. 92. Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

V. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674.

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed

Than could b' expected from his steed.

Restored in 1704.

V. 101, 102.] But with a great deal more return'd.

—For now the foe he had discern'd.] In the two first editions of 1663.

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I th' head of all this warlike rabble,
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar, 110
 (For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
 Who has not a month's mind to combat!)
 A squeaking engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,
 Just where the hangman does dispose, 115
 To special friends, the knot of noose:
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 Which was but soule to chitterlings: 120
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
 Are fit for music or for pudden;
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
 His grisly beard was long and thick, 125
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth; 130
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his beard.

f 1674. V. 106.] So called, from *croud*, a fiddle. This
 was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New
 Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in
 the service of the Round-heads, and had lost a leg
 in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was
 obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one alchouse
 to another, for his bread.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
 Where bulls do chuse the boldest king 135
 And ruler o'er the men of string,
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd)
 He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down, 140
 And wounded sore: his leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak;
 For when a ship in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt,
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145
 And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
 Wise conduct, and success in war;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the champion Bear. 150
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led;
 With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face;
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, 155
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat:
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well. 160
 So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
 And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
 Do starve and tail with Writs of Error,
 Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,

V. 147. *Next march'd brave Orsin.*] *Next follow'd,*
 in the two first editions of 1664. Joshua Gosling,
 who kept Bears at Paris-garden in Southwark. How-
 ever, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the
 Rump Parliament.

To let them breathe a while, and then 165
 Cry Whoop, and set them on agen.
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray; 170
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris :
 For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now,
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
 For licensing a new invention
 They 'ad found out of an antique engine,
 To root out all the weeds, that grow
 In public gardens at a blow, 180
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth, Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done ! quoth Statesmen ; Yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo ; 185
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
 A drum ! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new :
 But tho' of voice and instrument
 We are th' undoubted president, 190
 We such loud music do not profess,
 The Devil's master of that office,
 Where it must pass ; if 't be a drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.* ;

V. 194.] The House of Commons, even before
 the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the
 House of Lords, usurped many branches of the
 Royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting
 licences for new inventions.

To him apply yourselves, and he 195
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 They 'ad better let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin; 200
 That which so oft by sundry writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
 Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
 He was of great descent, and high
 For splendour and antiquity,
 And from celestial origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right line; 210
 Not as the ancient heroes did,
 Who, that their base births might be hid,
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at a windore)
 Made Jupiter himself, and others 215
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor; 220
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name:
 Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225
 That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd fol-
 By skilful chymist, with great cost, [der;
 Extracted from a rotten post;
 But of a heav'nlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense; 230

195 Tho' by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as when slovens do amiss
 At others' doors, by stool or pifs,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit
 200 Being prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong;
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.

235

240

205 Thus virtuous Orfin was endu'd
 With learning, conduct, fortitude
 Incomparable: and as the prince
 Of poets Homer sung, long since,
 A skilful leech is better far
 210 Than half a hundred men of war;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.

245

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
 With visage formidably grim,
 215 And rugged as a Saracen,

250

Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
 Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*
 Of rough impenetrable fur;

And in his nose like Indian king,
 220 He wore, for ornament, a ring;

255

About his neck a threefold gorget,
 As rough as treble leathern target;
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:

260

225 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth
 Which they do eat their vittle with.

He was by birth, some authors write,
 230 A Russian, some a Muscovite,

265

And 'mong the Cassocks had been bred,
 Of whom we in Diurnals read,
 That serve to fill up pages here,
 As with their bodies ditches there. 270
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;
 And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws:
 And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275
 Did stew their meat between their bums.
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;
 He was not half so nice as they,
 But ate it raw when 't came in's way. 280
 He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
 More than Le Blanc the traveller;
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,
 Of noble house, a lady gay,
 And got on her a race of worthies 285
 As stout as any upon earth is.
 Full many a fight for him between
 Talgol and Orin oft had been,
 Each striving to deserve the crown
 Of a fav'd citizen; the one 290
 To guard his Bear, the other fought
 To aid his dog, both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295
 Never got aught of him but blows;
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

V. 295.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought; 300
 Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
 And like a champion shone with oil :
 270 Right many a widow his keen blade,
 And many fatherless, had made ;
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
 275 But Guy with him, in fight compar'd,
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd :
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ; 310
 And many a serpent of fell kind,
 280 With wings before and stings behind,
 Subdu'd ; as poets say, long ago,
 Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
 Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
 285 Tho' stor'd with deleterious med'cines,
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)
 E'er sent so vast a colony
 To both the under worlds as he ; 320
 For he was of that noble trade
 290 That demi-gods and heroes made,
 Slaughter and knocking on the head,
 The trade to which they all were bred ;
 And is, like others, glorious when 325
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean ;
 295 The former rides in triumph for it,
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
 For daring to profane a thing
 So sacred with vile bungling. 330
 Next these the brave Magnano came,
 Magnano, great in martial fame ;

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V. 331.] Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an
 Independent preacher as Burroughs: who, wit.

Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
 'Tis sung he got but little by 't :
 Yet he was fierce as forest-boar, 335
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
 As thick as Ajax seven-fold shield,
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
 But brass was feeble to resist
 The fury of his armed fist ; 340
 Nor could the hardest iron hold out
 Against his blows, but they would through 't.

In magic he was deeply read,
 As he that made the Brazen Head ;
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345
 As English Merlin for his heart ;
 But far more skilful in the spheres,
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.
 He could transform himself in colour,
 As like the devil as a collier ; 350
 As like the hypocrites, in show,
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355
 He was the inventor of, and maker ;
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum
 Did both from his invention come.
 He was the first that e'er did teach
 To make and how to stop a breach. 360
 A lance he bore with iron pike,
 Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike ;
 And when their forces he had join'd,
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style
 Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the
 Devil.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright 365
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
 A bold virago, stout and tall,
 As Joan of France, or English Mall:
 Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
 Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him 370
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook:
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
 At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
 And tho' some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame, 380
 That (spite of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stoutest dame 385
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like Termagants and Turks;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride; 390

V. 365. The daughter of James Spenser, de-
 bauched by Magnano the tinker: so called, because
 the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called
 his *trull*.

V. 368. Alluding, probably to Mary Carlton, cal-
 led *Kentish Moll*, but more commonly. *The German*
Princess; a person notorious at the time this First
 Part of Hudibras was published. She was trans-
 ported to Jamaica 1671, but returning from trans-
 portation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn,
 Jan. 22, 1672-3.

To run a-tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace, 395
 And rather took a country-lafs ;
 They say 'tis false without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose : 400
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of Trulla that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print ;
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
 Of all his race the valiant'st : 410
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side :
 Ill has he read that never hit
 On him in Muses' deathless writ. 415
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That thro' a bull-hide shield wou'd pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece is, 420
 With whom his black-thumb ancestor
 Was comrade in the ten years war :
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town,

V. 409. Cerdon, a one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The Poet observes, that his chief talent lay in preaching.

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And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425
For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,

They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor that made them so.

395 Fast friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ; 430
Next rectifier of wry law,

And would make three to cure one flaw.

400 Learned he was, and cou'd take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :
But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435
Or argument, in which being valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,

Like ram or bull at Conventicle :

405 For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;

410 Right expert in command of horse,

But cruel and without remorse.

That which of Centaur long ago 445
Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece ;

415 One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth ; 450
Yet he was much the rougher part,

And always had a harder heart,

Altho' his horse had been of those

That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes :
Strange food for horse ! and y t, alas ! 455

It may be true, for flesh is grais.

his bro-
that his

V. 435. Mechanics of all sorts were then Preachers,
and some of them much followed and admired by
the mob.

V. 441. Colon, Ned Perry, an hostler.

Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than Hercules to clean a stable;
 As great a drover, and as great
 A critic too, in hog or neat.
 He ripp'd the womb up of his rooster,
 Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted rothe;
 And provender, wherewith to feed
 Himself and his less cruel steed.
 It was a question, whether he
 Or 's horse were of a family
 More worshipful; 'till antiquaries
 (After they'ad almost por'd out their eyes)
 Did very learnedly decide
 The business on the horse's side,
 And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
 Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
 For beasts, when man was but a piece
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led
 The combatants, each in the head
 Of his command, with arms and rage
 Ready, and longing to engage.
 The numerous rabble was drawn out
 Of several counties round about,
 From villages remote, and shires
 Of east and western hemispheres.
 From foreign parishes and regions,
 Of different manners, speech, religions,
 Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
 For fame and honour, some for fight.
 And now the field of death, the lists,
 Were enter'd by antagonists,
 And blood was ready to be broach'd,
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
 With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.

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What rage, O Citizens! what fury
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
 What æstrum, what phrenetic mood 495
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast
 And unreveng'd waiks Waller's ghost?
 What towns, what garrisons might you,
 With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500
 Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain untriumphable fray?
 Shall Saints in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of Saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
 Then because quarrels still are seen
 With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The Solemn League and Covenant
 Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant, 510
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
 For as we make war for the King
 Against himself the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear, we do 515
 For God and for Religion too;
 For if bear-baiting we allow,
 What good can Reformation do?
 The blood and treasure that's laid out
 Is thrown away and goes for nought. 520
 Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
 The prototype of Reformation,
 Which all the Saints, and some, since martyrs,
 Wore in their hats like wedding garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House 525
 Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
 Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable,

And make all cries about the Town
 Join throats to cry the Bishops down? 530
 Who having round begirt the palace,
 (As once a month they do the gallows)
 As Members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle 535
 Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop; 540
 The moule-trap men laid save-alls by,
 And 'gainst Evil Counsellors did cry;
 Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch.
 And fell to turn and patch the Church;
 Some cry'd the Covenant, instead 545
 Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
 And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House:
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
 A Gospel-preaching Ministry; 550
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
 No Surplices nor Service-book:
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to Reformation.
 And is this all? Is this the end 555
 To which these Carryings-on did tend?
 Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
 For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
 And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke? 560
 Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
 And crowd as if they came too late?
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.

Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons, 565
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
 And into pikes and musqueteers
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 Did start up living men, as soon 570
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
 The Brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575
 The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
 So say the wicked—and will you
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
 By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580
 Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sin'ster,
 I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Min'ster?
 Have they invented tones to win 585
 The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?
 Have they told Providence what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590
 Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine;
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?

ke? 560

eed on 7,

V. 589. It was a common practice to inform God
 of the transactions of the times: "O my good Lord
 "God" (says Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*, p. 12.), I hear
 the King hath set up his standard at York against the
 Parliament and city of London," &c.

Told it the news o' th' last express, 595
 And after good or bad success
 Made prayers, not so like petitions
 As overtures and propositions,
 (Such as the Army did present
 To their Creator the Parl'ment) 600
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,
 Unless the work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting Church and Common-weal 605
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the Saints were all a gog,
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?
 The Parl'ment drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them like commissions, 610
 To well-affected persons, down
 In ev'ry city and great town,
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen?
 For this did many, many a mile, 615
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that show'd
 As if they to the pill'ry rode?
 Have all these courses, these efforts
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t'advance the Cause's service,
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore 625
 Each man of us to run before
 Another, still in Reformation
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?

V. 602. Alluding, probably, to their saucy expostulations with God from the pulpit.

595

How will Dissenting Brethren relish it ?

What will malignants say ? *Videlicet*,

630

That each man swore to do his best

To damn and perjure all the rest ?

And bid the Devil take the hin'most,

600

Which at this race is like to win most.

They'll say our bus'ness, to Reform

635

The Church and State, is but a worm ;

For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,

T' an unknown Church discipline,

605

What is it else, but before-hand

T' engage, and after understand ?

640

For when we swore to carry on

The present Reformation

According to the purest mode

610

Of churches best reform'd abroad,

What did we else but make a vow

645

To do we know not what, nor how ?

For no three of us will agree

Where, or what churches these should be ;

615

And is indeed the self same case

With theirs that swore *et ceteras* ;

650

Of the French League, in which men vow'd

To fight to the last drop of blood.

These slanders will be thrown upon

620

The Cause and Work we carry on,

If we permit men to run headlong

655

T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,

Rather than Gospel-walking times,

When slightest sins are greatest crimes.

625

But we the matter so shall handle,

As to remove that odious scandal :

660

In name of King and Parliament,

I charge ye all, no more foment

This feud, but keep the peace between

y expos.

Your brethren and your countrymen,

And to those places straight repair 665
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief ; 670
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought 675
 To condign punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay ;
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.
 But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched,
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow ; 690
 How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695
 T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might'st show ? 700

665

Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling Brethren?
 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o' their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
 No prize between those combatants 705

670

O' th' times, the land and water-saints,
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
 And not, for want of bus'ness, come
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710

675

To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 Was there no felony, no bawd,
 Cut-purse, or burglary abroad?

680

No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?

685

No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the Devil? 720

I,

D-d no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee,
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration,
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725

690

All parties and the common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,

695

So he had never brought thee hither: 730
 But if th' hast brain enough in skull

700

To keep itself in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of stones,
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.

At this the Knight grew high in wrath,
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence, at length, these words broke out :

Was I for this entitled Sir, 741
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battle,
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?
 Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal,
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
 Not all thy magic to repair
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware, 750
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;
 Not all that force that makes thee proud,
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;
 Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
 And axes, made to hew down lives ;
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of Justice, or this blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
 For civil deed and military : 760
 Nor shall these words, of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free ;
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em, 765
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em ;
 Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
 With gauntlet blue and bastes white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.

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Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775

His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,

And bending cock, he levell'd full

Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,

Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,

Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder : 780

But Pallas came in shape of Rust,

And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

Her gorgon shield, which made the cock

Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.

Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785

With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight ;

But he, with petronel upheav'd,

Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd ;

The gun recoil'd, as well it might,

Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790

And shrunk from its great master's gripe,

Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.

Then Hudibras, with furious haste,

Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast

But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795

Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back ;

But when his nut-brown sword was out,

With stomach huge he laid about,

Imprinting many a wound upon

His mortal foe, the truncheon : 800

The trusty cudgel did oppose

Itself against dead-doing blows,

To guard his leader from fell bane,

And then reveng'd itself again.

And tho' the sword (some understood) 805

In force had much the odds of wood,

'Twas nothing so ; both sides were balanc'd

So equal, none knew which was valiant it :

For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
Tho' iron hew and mangle fore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow; 820
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood, 830
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy 835
That two should with so many men vy,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.

- The angry beast did straight resent 845
 The wrong done to his fundament,
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
 As if he 'ad been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from thistle,
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail; 850
 Instead of which, he threw the pack
 Of Squire and baggage from his back;
 And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855
 And sat on further side aslope.
 This Talgol viewing, who had now
 By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out:
 But Mars, that still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid, 865
 And under him the Bear convey'd;
 The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The Knight with all his weight fell down,
 The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong-Knight from bruise or wound: 870
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
 And heavy brunt of cannon ball.
 As Sancho on a blanket fell,
 And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
 In body, tho' his mighty spirit, 875
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The Bear was in a greater fright,
 Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout: 880

His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he threw the foam ;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than ever herald drew him :
 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
 And vex'd the more, because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms ;
 For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy ; 890
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him :
 It griev'd him to the guts that they,
 For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
 Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
 Wrong of unfoldier-like condition,
 For which he flung down his commission ;
 And laid about him, 'till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose, 900
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Thro' thickest of his foes he charg'd,
 And made way thro' th' amazed crew :
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none ; for by hasty flight 905
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread as he the rabble chas'd ;
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way. 910
 Crowdero only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,
 Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore
 I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
 One side of him ; not that of bone, 915
 But much its better, th' wooden one.

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He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine, in a swoond, 920
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
 That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
 And sitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up t' attack the Knight;
 For getting up on stump and huckle, 925
 He with the foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
 Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
 Sole author of all detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup),
 Looking about, beheld pernicion 935
 Approaching Knight from fell musician;
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed,
 (As rats do from a falling house)
 To hide itself from rage of blows; 940
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;
 Which ere he could atchieve, his sence
 The leg encounter'd twice and once:
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945
 When Ralpho thrust himself between;
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the Knight from further harm,
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.

To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy 955
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
 T' encounter us in battle able?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship, 960
 And Hudibras or me provoke,
 Tho' all thy limbs were heart of oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out blows as that of wood?
 Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
 To keep from flogging scourge thy skin,
 And ancle free from iron gin?
 Which now thou shalt—But first our care
 Must see how Hudibras does fare. 970
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his bum upright.
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
 Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been 975
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
 They, awaken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room to window eye,
 And gently opening lid, the casement,
 Lock'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
 This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying conqueror;
 As high, victorious, and great, 985
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have;

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That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did the espous'd Cause undertake;
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the Churches; 1000
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
 For tho' success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror;
 Tho' dispensations were not strong 1005
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;
 Altho' Out-goings did confirm,
 And Owning were but a mere term;
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To th' creature, tho' usurp'd by might, 1010
 The property is in the Saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;

V. 1009.] It was a principle maintained by the
 Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on
 grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace (in their
 opinion) if he was not a saint or a godly man, he had
 no right to any lands, goods or chattels. The Saints,
 as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take
 it, wherever they had a power to do it.

All which the Saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
 What we take from 'em is no more
 Than what was ours by right before; 1020
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous :
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030
 But Ralpho now in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood.
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high : this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner 1035
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction : I that am
 A nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case. 1040
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
 To break a Fiddle, and your word ?
 For tho' I fought and overcame, 1045
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name ;
 For great commanders always own
 What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
 Argues your pow'r above your will ;
 And that your will and pow'r have less
 Than both might have of selfishness.

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This pow'r which, now alive, with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead
 Wou'd no more keep the slave in awe, 1055
 Than if he were a Knight of straw;
 For Death would then be his conqueror
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue,
 Or honour from his death, to you, 1060
 'Twere policy and honour too
 To do as you resolv'd to do.
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain 1065
 By foes in triumph led, than slain:
 The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes: the greatest fame
 Of cripple slain can be but lame; 1070
 One half of him's already slain,
 Th' other is not worth your pain:
 Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075
 To keep him prisoner of war,
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At court of justice to be try'd;
 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
 There may be danger in his safety. 1080
 If any Member there dislike
 His face, or to his beard have pique;
 Or if his death will save or yield
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
 Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085
 Y' have power to hang him when you please:

V. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save

This has been often done by some
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd ; 1090
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
 Like Sampson's cuffs, tho' by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause 1095
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak ;
 But to the wicked or the weak 1100
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done ;
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce, 1110
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115
 To lead the captive of his sword

his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not
 proper that he should be saved, it was only saying it
 was revealed to him that such a one should die, and
 they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises
 before made.

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In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The Squire, in state, rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1129
 The trophée-Fiddle and the case,
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side;
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind, 1125
 Like boat against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite thro' the town they 'ad gone:
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient castle, that commands 1130
 Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
 Of magic made impregnable:
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate, 1135
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit; 1140
 And yet so foul, that who'so is in,
 Is to the middle-leg in prison;
 In circle magical confin'd,
 With walls of subtle air and wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough, 1145
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight

V. 1130.] This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd so noble a structure could be rais'd from so ludicrous a subject.

At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile built t' imprison hands ; 1150
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater :
 For tho' the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enough :
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155
 Is made by beadle exorcist,
 'The body feels the spur and switch,
 As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
 The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
 In manner of a trophee place.
 That done they ope the trap-door gate, 1165
 And let Crowdero down thereat.
 Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,
 And the survivor of his feet : 1170
 But th' other that had broke the peace,
 And head of Knighthood, they release ;
 Tho' a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged,
 While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175
 Is clapt up fast in prison for't :
 So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

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H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place, the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner : then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place ;
I should have first said Hudibras.*

AY me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron !
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps ?
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She'll after show him in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I th' ditty call'd, What if a Day ?
For Hudibras, who thought he' ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,

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And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 15 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
 And register'd by fame eternal,
 In deathless pages of Diurnal,
 20 Found in few minutes to his cost,
 He did but count without his host,
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout
 25 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
 From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
 (All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
 Of the Knight's victory stood to't,
 And most ignobly fought to get
 The honour of his blood and sweat)
 30 Seeing the coast was free and clear
 O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
 Took heart again, and fac'd about,
 35 As if they meant to stand it out :
 For by this time the routed Bear,
 Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
 Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat,
 40 Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to Fortune, and with haste
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
 Retiring still, until he found
 45 He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
 And then as valiantly made head
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled,

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Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
 Of warrior stout and politick,
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
 He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
 On better terms, and stop the course
 Of the proud foe. With all his force
 He bravely charg'd, and for a while,
 Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
 But still their numbers so increas'd,
 He found himself at length oppress'd,
 And all evasions so uncertain,
 To save himself for better fortune,
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
 To die with honour in the field,
 And sell his hide and carcase at
 A price as high and desperate
 As e'er he could. This resolution
 He forthwith put in execution,
 And bravely threw himself among
 The enemy i' th' greatest throng.
 But what could single valour do,
 Against so numerous a foe?
 Yet much he did, indeed too much
 To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.
 But one against a multitude,
 Is more than mortal can make good:
 For while one party he oppos'd,
 His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
 And no room left him for retreat,
 Or fight against a foe so great.
 For now the Maltives, charging home,
 To blows and handy gripes were come;
 While manfully himself he bore,
 And setting his right foot before,
 He rais'd himself to show how tall
 His person was above them all.
 This equal shame and envy stirr'd
 In th' enemy, that one should beard

So many warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,
 And yield on honourable terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about;
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
 To rescue him had not been quick:
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
 (But not so light as to be borne
 Upon the ears of standing corn,
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
 As some report) was got among
 The foremost of the martial throng;
 There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum-drum*,
 And see stout Bruin, all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown?
 Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd,
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would (quoth he) venture a limb
 To second thee, and rescue him;
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late;

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Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125
 About their heads to clear the ground,
 And joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and strait begun,
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130
 Mean while they' approach'd the place where Bruin
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold : 135
 And yet, alas ! do what they could,
 The worsted bear came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before :
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
 Was anabaptis'd free from wound, 140
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over, but the Pagan heel ;
 So did our champion's arms defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His head and ears, which in the martial 145
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel :
 For as an Austrian archduke once
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd ; 150
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
 Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd :
 Or like the late-corrected leathern
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring 155
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,

As authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which eglantine and roses made ;
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream :
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song,
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
 Upon a bough to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great leader and the rest.

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground,
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursued the chace,
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind ;
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his coward foes.
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;
 Forcing the vallies to repeat
 The accents of his sad regret :
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,
 His doleful wailings did resound

V. 189, 190. This passage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be master of the pathetic as well as the sublime style, but also as it comprehends a fine satire upon that false kind of wit of making an echo talk sensibly
 viz rational answers.

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More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
 That make her in their ruthful stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose 195
 To things of which she nothing knows ;
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled ? to my—Echo, Ruin. 200
 I thought thou 'adst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
 Am not I here to take thy part ?
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart ?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head 205
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget:
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dith
 Thou turn'st thy back ? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
 To run from those thou 'adst overcome
 Thus cowardly ? Quoth Echo, Mum.
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine enemy ?
 Or, if thou hast no thought of me, 215
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail :
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause ? Quoth she, a Puddin. 220
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the authors of his woe 225
 Should equal vengeance undergo,

And with their bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd and his Bear.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed 230
 To action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find him out where'er he was;
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd. 235

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240
 Honour, revenge, contempt and shame,
 Did equally their breasts inflame.
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
 And resolute, as ever fought; 245
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile affront that paltry ass,
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
 As if they' had routed us in battle?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said
 I for the washing gave my head:
 Nor did I turn my back for fear
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo;
 For whether these fell wounds or no, 255
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel;

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Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome :
 But if I can but find them out 265
 That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
 Where'er they' in hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy-work,
 And wish that they had rather dar'd
 To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orfin, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou sayst,
 And so has every body here,
 As well as thou hast, or thy Bear;
 Others may do as they see good; 275
 But if this twig be made of wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
 And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
 That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
 Myself and Trulla made a shift
 To help him out at a dead lift;
 And having brought him bravely off, 285
 Have left him where he's safe enough;
 There let him rest; for if we stay,
 The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
 Their forces in the same design, 290
 And forthwith put themselves in search
 Of Hudibras upon their march;
 Where leave we them a while, to tell
 What the victorious Knight besel;
 For such, Crowdero being fast 295
 In dungeon shut, we left him last.
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
 No where so green as on his brow,

Laden with which, as well as tir'd
 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
 To rest his body, and apply
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight, reds, blacks and blues ;
 To mollify th' uneasy pang 305
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,
 Which being by skilful midwife dress'd,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain : he 'ad got a hurt
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure land,
 (For he in all his amorous battles,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 315
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight ;
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the purtenance :
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain : 320
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft' did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits, and anis' eggs, 325
 Had almost brought him off his legs)
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange, and mad ;

She could love none but only such / 335

As scorn'd and hated her as much.

'Twas a strange riddle of a lady ;
Not love, if any lov'd her : hey-day !

So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight. 340

So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.

He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.

Mean while the Knight had no small task 345

To compass what he durst not ask :

He loves, but dares not make the motion ;

Her ignorance is his devotion :

Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed ; 350

Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;

Or like a tumbler that does play
His game and look another way,
Until he seize upon the coney ; 355

Just so does he by matrimony.

But all in vain ; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;

Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne ; 360

Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress

Did stir his stomach, and the pain

He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365

That he resolv'd to wave his suit,

And either to renounce her quite,

Or for a while play least in fight.

This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done, 370

But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The vict'ry he atchiev'd so late
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
 A door to discontinu'd hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win 375
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;
 And that his valour, and the honour
 He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her :
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With amorous longings to be at her. 380
 Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
 If nothing can oppugn love, 385
 And virtue invious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do,
 That brings both love and virtue too ?
 But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit. 390
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft' are taken in :
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a conqueror ?
 Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*, 395
 But lets the timidous miscarry :
 Then while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep ;
 And as an owl that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405
 As if he slept, until he spies

The little beast with'in his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart, 410
 Crying, with hasty tone, and hoarse,
 375 Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
 And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd 415
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
 380 And all th' avenues had possess'd,
 About the place from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt
 To view the ground, and where t' assault : 420
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 385 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy ; and 'twas agreed
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This being resolv'd, in comely sort 425
 They now drew up t' attack the fort ;
 390 When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another-gates adventure,
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
 395 Of angel bad, or tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
 The glory he had newly got ;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed,
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,

When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with the unexpected sight:
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh; 450
 Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455
 As if they had out-run their fears;
 The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat;
 And to their wills we must succomb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460
 This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue;
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield 465
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory: and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home, 475
 And make no doubt to overcome.
 This said, his courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his mistress' name.

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His pistol next he cock'd a-new,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew; 480

445 And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed 485

450 From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows, 490

455 When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;

460 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,

Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire; 500

465 But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 505

s. 470 To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;

But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher; 510

475 As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.

This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,

When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle, 515
 And for the foe began to stickle.
 The more shame for her Goodyship
 To give so near a friend the slip.
 For Colon, chusing out a stone,
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520
 His manly paunch with such a force,
 As almost beat him off his horse.
 He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
 But laying fast hold on the mane,
 Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose 525
 In death contracts his talons close,
 So did the Knight, and with one claw
 The tricker of his pistol draw.
 The gun went off; and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530
 In all its feats of arms, when least
 He dreamt of it to prosper best,
 So now he f'r'd: the shot let fly
 At random 'mong the enemy,
 Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing 535
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brags habergeon,
 Who straight, A surgeon cry'd, A surgeon:
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
 Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell. 540
 This startled their whole body so,
 That if the Knight had not let go
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,
 He 'ad won (the second time) the fight;
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
 He had inevitably done.
 But he, diverted with the care
 Of Hudibras's hurt, forbare
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten. 550

515

For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.

520

And now the busy work of Death
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.

525

Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.

530

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew

535

To use your vict'ry as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now:
But from so formidable a soldier

on:

540

Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect

545

Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day."

Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.

550

The knotted blood within my hose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal crisis doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end.
 I am for action now unfit,
 Either of fortitude or wit.
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt-upon a wound,
 Or trivial basting, to despond;
 Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
 To make an honourable retreat,
 'Twere the best course; but if they find
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,
 For them to seize on, the dishonour,
 And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
 Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
 To let them see I am no starter.
 In all the trade of war no feat
 Is nobler than a brave retreat:
 For those that run away and fly,
 Take place at least o' th' enemy.

This said, the Squire with active speed
 Dismounted from his bony steed,
 To seize the arms which, by mischance,
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance;
 These being found out, and restor'd
 To Hudibras their nat'ral lord,
 As a man may say, with might and main
 He hasted to get up again.
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
 But by his weighty bum as oft
 He was pull'd back, till having found
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,

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Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast;

625

When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,

And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,

630

Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;

He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold

Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;

635

Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,

640

Striving the enemy to attack

Before he reach'd his horse's back.

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten

O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover

645

His seat, and cast his right leg over;

When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd

On horse and man so heavy a load,

The beast was startled, and begun

To kick and fling like mad, and run,

650

Beating the tough Squire like a sack,

Or stout King Richard, on his back;

Till stumbling, he threw him down,

Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.

Mean while the Knight began to rouse

655

The sparkles of his wonted prowess;

He thrust his hand into his hose,

And found both by his eyes and nose,

'Twas only choler, and not blood,
 That from his wounded body flow'd. 660
 This, with the hazard of the Squire,
 Inflam'd him with despiteful ire;
 Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other pistol out;
 And now had half way bent the cock, 665
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock
 With sturdy truncheon thwart his arm,
 That down it fell, and did no harm;
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
 Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670
 The Knight his sword had only left,
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
 Or at the least crop'd off a limb,
 But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675
 Upon his quarters opposite:
 But as a barque, that in foul weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
 And knows not which to turn him to; 680
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,
 And knew not which of them t' oppose;
 Till Orsin, charging with his lance
 At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685
 And laid him flat upon the ground.
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,
 And raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out, *Victoria*; lie thou there,
 And I shall strait dispatch another 690
 To bear thee company in death;
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe;
 As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
 At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,

660 Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695
 And cure the hurt he gave before.
 Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about
 To breathe himself, and next find out
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the ruffled foe infest. 700
 665 This being resolv'd, he spur'd his steed,
 To run at Orsin with full speed,
 While he was busy in the care
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware ;
 But he was quick, and had already 705
 670 Unto the part apply'd remedy :
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up and stood upon his guard :
 Then like a warrior right expert
 And skilful in the martial art, 710
 675 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then (in order) to retire :
 Or, as occasion should invite, 715
 680 With forces join'd renew the fight.
 Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
 Tho' sorely bruis'd : his limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and fore : 720
 685 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came.
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
 690 Courage, the day at length is ours, 725
 And we once more, as conquerors,
 Have both the field and honour won ;
 The foe is profligate and run :
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730

And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
 Cæsar himself could never say
 He got two victories in a day
 As I have done, that can say, twice I
 In one day *veni, vidi, vici*. 735

The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 And they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-blow ; 740
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy steed ; dispatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745
 In case for action, now be here ;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
 It was for you I got these harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
 And reach your hands to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey 755
 To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras) ;
 We read, the Antients held it was
 More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary ; 760
 The one we oft to-day have done,
 The other shall dispatch anon :
 And tho' thou art of a diff'rent church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765
 And steer'd him gently towards the Squire,

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Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like lightning behind. 770
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound to find it out,
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got;
 But having found the worst was past, 775
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was her's:
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras's hard fate drew 780
 To succour him; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die; 785
 Thy life is mine, and liberty;
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy
 To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh,
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790
 Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
 And once more for that carcase vile
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras; 795
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,

V. 791,—795.] What a generous and undaunted
 heroine was Trulla! She makes the greatest figure in
 the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the
 Poem. There are few instances, I believe, in either
 romance or history that come up to this.

And I shall take thee at thy word.
 First let me rise and take my sword ;
 That sword which has so oft this day
 Thro' squadrons of my foes made way, 800
 And some to other worlds dispatcht,
 Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honour's to be gain'd :
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805
 Consider, while thou may'st, what 'tis
 To interrupt a victor's courie,
 B' opposing such a trivial force:
 For if with conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough) 810
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace
 By law of arms, in such a case :
 Both which I now do offer freely.
 I scorn, (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
 Quarter or counsel from a foe ;
 If thou canst force me to it, do :
 But lest it should again be said,
 When I have once more won thy head, 820
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
 This said, she to her tackle fell,
 And on the Knight let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 825
 That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
 Stand to't, (quoth she) or yield to mercy ;
 It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
 Shall serve thy turn.--This stirr'd his spleen
 More than the danger he was in, 830
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Altho' th' already made him reel ;

Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to bask her quick :
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them, 840
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of ; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight, 845
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground :
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
But in she flew ; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
Of all thy vapouring, base scum :
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now ;
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword ? 860
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking of his parole ;
And when before the fight th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood ;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865
To make m' against my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word ?

Quoth Hudibras, the day's thine own ;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down : 870
 My laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :
 My loss of honour's great enough,
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875
 But cannot blur my lost renown :
 I am not now in Fortune's power,
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient heroes were illust'ous
 For being benign, and not blust'ous 880
 Against a vanquish'd foe : their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;
 And did in fight but cut work out
 T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Altho' thou hast deserv'd, 885
 Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,
 If thou hadst got the victory,
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my fame, than thy desert. 890
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
 Are mine by military law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw ;
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895
 Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate ;
 What thou command'st I must obey ;
 Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day, 900
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too,
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
 Whom I took pris'aers in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905
 Let one another run away,
 Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
 That gave Crowdero quarter too ?
 Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
 But now thy carcase shall redeem,
 And serve to be exchange'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915
 And laid his weapons at her feet.
 Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 920
 Take that, and wear it for my sake ;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
 And as the French, we conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925
 Port-cannons, perriwigs and feathers ;
 Just so the proud insulting lass
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other champions, yerst
 In hurry of the fight dispers'd, 930
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras's hide
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;
 Which now they were about to pour 935
 Upon him in a wooden shower,
 But Trulla thrust herself between,
 And striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word ; 940

She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.

In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting;
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had atchiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd; 955
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:

Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?

This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.

Orfin led Hudibras's beast, 965
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner. 970

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows 975
And triumph over conquer'd foes

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Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,
 Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
 In order soldier-like contriv'd, 980
 Still marching in a warlike posture,
 As fit for battle as for muster.
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
 They all advanc'd, and round about 985
 Begirt the magical redoubt.
 Magnan' led up in this adventure,
 And made way for the rest to enter:
 For he was skilful in Black Art,
 No less than he that built the fort, 990
 And with an iron mace laid flat
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
 And in the wooden dungeon found
 Crowdero laid upon the ground:
 Him they release from durance base, 995
 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
 And liberty, his thirsty rage
 With luscious vengeance to assuage;
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000
 And in the self-same limbo put
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop, 1010
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
 And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
 That makes men prisoners or free;
 But perturbations that possess
 The mind, or equanimities. 1020
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander, when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paltry narrow tub to
 Diogenes; who is not said 1025
 (For aught that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
 Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.
 The Ancients make two several kinds
 Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030
 The active and the passive val'ant,
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
 For both to give blows, and to carry,
 In fights are equi-necessary:
 But in defeats the passive stout 1035
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to out-do
 The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
 Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd, 1040
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Tho' drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel 1045
 Not to be forfeited in battle.
 If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the bed of Honour lain,

He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright ;
So valour, in a low estate, 1055
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow ;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us over-grown with wit. 1060
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much ; so well enough 1065
Know you to charge, but not draw off :
For who without a cap and bauble,
Having subdu'd a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof ? 1070

V. 1061, 1062.] In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron, made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation ; who if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out, (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken) would say that the preacher was lazy ; and if he held out much longer, would yawn, and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. These hour-glasses remained in some churches till within these forty years.

A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, 'That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
When thou at any thing wouldst rail, 1075
Thou tak'st Presbytery, thy scale,
'To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane ;
Whats'ever will not with (what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'st Synodical: 1080
As if Presbytery were a standard
'To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
'Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting equal 1085
With Synods, orthodox and legal ?
Do, if thou canst, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains :
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens, 1095
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport ;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word. 1100
Both are but sev'ral synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs :
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies :
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105
The one with men, the other beasts.

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The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Consciences; 1110
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light and Conscience'-sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs:
Than whom they 'ave less humanity, 1115
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age; 1120
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their Orders, Constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears, 1130
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please, 1135
And mulcts on sin and godliness;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murther;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And Kings themselves submit to them: 1140
And force all people, tho' against
Their consciences, to turn Saints;

Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When Saints monopolists are made :
 When pious frauds and holy shifts 1145
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mungrel breed of like pernicion, 1150
 And growing up, became the fires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers ;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light,
 To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155
 The physiognomy of Grace ;
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose ;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing ; 1160
 By black caps underlaid with white,
 Give certain guess at inward light ;
 Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
 To make the Spiritual calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck 1165
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When Church and State they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of Spiritual Warfaring-men) 1170
 Judge rightly if Regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion ;

V. 1152. These Triers pretended to great skill in this respect ; and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him.

V, 1161. Smeckymans was a club of holders-forth.

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Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in dominion.

Great piety consists in pride ; 1175

To rule is to be sanctify'd :

To domineer and to controul,

Both o'er the body and the soul,

Is the most perfect discipline

Of Church-rule, and by right divine. 1180

Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were

More moderate than these by far :

For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,

To get their wives and children meat ;

But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185

They must have wealth and power too ;

Or else with blood and desolation

They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive

And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190

When Butchers were the only clerks,

Elders and Presbyters of Kirks ;

Whose directory was to kill,

And some believe it is so still.

The only difference is, that then 1195

They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.

For then to sacrifice a bullock,

Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,

They count a vile abomination,

But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200

Presbytery does but translate

The Papacy to a free state :

A common-wealth of Popery,

Where ev'ry village is a See

As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205

A tithe-pig metropolitan ;

Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon

Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,

And ev'ry hamlet's governed
 By's Holiness, the Church's head, 1210
 More haughty and severe in 's place,
 Than Gregory and Boniface.
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster
 With many heads. for if we consider
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon,
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe, 1220
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind, 1225
 Cleric before, and Lay behind;
 A lawless linsy-woolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water: 1230
 That always preys on grace or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 And manners; can pronounce a saint 1235
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Thro' coarsest boulder others' gifts:
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his; 1240
 He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
 The manufacture of the Kirk.
 Those pasters are but the bandy-work

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Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245
Divinity in them by feeling :
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope. 1250

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squir
Festina lente, not too fast,
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
Are false, and built upon mistake ;
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood. 1260
I'll force you by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to the question close,
And argue *dialeclicus*.

The question then, to state it first, 1265
Is, Which is better or which worst,
Synods or Bears ? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and Synods thou :
But to make good the' assertion,
Thou say'st they're really all one. 1270
If so, not worse ; for if they're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dai tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same, 1275
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia* :
For tho' they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find ; 1280

And can no more make Bears of these,
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.
 That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say No:
 And thus I prove it, in a word;
 1285 Whatsoever Assembly's not impower'd
 To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and Ordain,
 Can be no Synod: but Bear-garden
 Has no such power; *ergo*, 'tis none,
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290

But yet we are beside the quest'on
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
 For that was, Whether Bears are better
 Than Synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.
 That Bears are beasts, and Synods men, 1295
 Is held by all: they're better then;
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
 As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
 'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;
 But prove that Synod-men have tails; 1300
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
 Or that his snout and spacious ears
 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
 A Bear's a savage beast, of all 1305
 Most ugly and unnatural;
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam
 Has lick't it into shape and frame:
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,
 That ever Synod-man was lick't, 1310
 Or brought to any other fashion
 Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
 Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go 1315
 For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too:

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A strange chimæra of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene ;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.

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285 Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg ; and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325
And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts)

1290 And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
And tore a handful of my beard ;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
1295 When being in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out ;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
Will serve to answer thee agen.

1300 Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340

1305 V. 1329. The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung
up in those times. Alexander Ross observes, " That
" they held that God, devil, angels, heaven, and
" hell, &c. were fictions and fables ; that Moses,
" John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors ; and
1310 " what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world
" with, as to matter of religion, perished with them ;
" that preaching and praying are useless, and that
" preaching is but public lying ; that there is an end
" of all ministry and administrations, and people are
" to be taught immediately from God," &c.

A trade of knowledge, as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat ;
 An art t' incumber Gifts and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit
 Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345
 Like little David in Saul's doublet:
 A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own ;
 A sort of error, to ensconce
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplext and intricate :
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355
 That will not with old rules jump right ;
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention : 1360
 For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light ;
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
 And then they fall to th' argument.
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Out-run the constable at last :
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370
 But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white ;
 Mere *disparata* : that concerning
 Presbytery, this human learning ;
 Two things s' averse, they never yet 1375
 But in thy rambling fancy met.

But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by 'ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here, 138
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil,

END OF PART I,

K

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet on parole,
Redeems him from the enchanted hole.*

BUT now, t' observe Romantique me
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe a while:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface,

V. 1. The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose, in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his *Aeneid* in the very same manner, *At regina gravi*, &c

Is't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And Knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
 Others make all their Knights in fits 15
 Of jealousy to lose their wits;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames like witches,
 They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores; 20
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography to change their site;
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
 And that which was before come after,
 But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think, 's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forgot in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody.
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin, 35
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again and mend,
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame, 45
 (But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
 That like a thin camelion boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words;
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears, 50
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologist:
 With these she thro' the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
 And Mercuries of furthest regions;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation,
 And by their public use to bring down
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60
 About her neck a packet mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed;
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs, 65
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she doth sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones; 70
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
 And therefore vulgar authors name 75
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.
 This tattling gossip knew too well
 What mischief Hudibras besel,
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears. 80

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45 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
 To see bawds carted thro' the crowd,
 Or funerals with stately pomp
 March slowly on in solemn dump,
 As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85
 50 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she wou'd go see the sight,
 And visit the distressed Knight;
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour; 90
 55 And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
 To set at large his fetter-locks;
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
 This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95
 60 And usher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting-damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent: 100
 65 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,
 By further leg behind together:
 For as he sat upon his rump, 105
 70 His head, like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd
 Unto his ears on either side,
 And by him, in another hole,
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl, 110
 75 She came upon him in his wooden
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,
 As spirits do t' a conjuror,
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear,
 No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115
 80 But straight he fell into a fever,

Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To be seen by' her in such a place;
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
 And wink and goggle like an owl: 125
 He felt his brains begin to swim,
 When thus the Dame accosted him:

This place (quoth she) they say 's enchanted,
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 135
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
 Look, there are two of them appear,
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 150
 With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some
 Have heard the devil beat a drum;
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,
 That give a wrong account of faces,
 That beard and I should be acquainted, 135
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
 For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if 't had lately been in comba,
 It did belong to a worthy Knight,
 Howe'er this goblin is come by't. 140

When Hudibras the Lady heard
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,
 And speak with such respect and honour
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
 He thought it best to set as good 145
 A face upon it as he cou'd,
 And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right;
 The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
 The same numerically true; 150
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
 But it's proprietor himself.

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O heavens ! quoth she. can that be true ?
I do begin to fear 'tis you :

Not by your individual whiskers, 155
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest :

But what malignant star, alas !
Has brought you both to this sad pass ? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed 165

For being honourably maim'd ;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Tho' your's be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn 170
Than if 'twere prun'd. and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.

A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders, 175

Does not so well become a soldier's ;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Altho' i' th' rear your beard the van led ;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ake, 180
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good, 185
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain

As other gross *phenomenas*
 In which it oft mistakes the case. 190
 But since th' immortal intellect
 (That's free from error and defect,
 Whose objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,
 Which nought external can expose 195
 To gross material bangs or blows,
 It follows we can ne'er be sure
 Whether we pain or not endure,
 And just so far are sore and griev'd
 As by the fancy is believ'd. 200
 Some have been wounded with conceit,
 And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
 Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
 Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
 A Saxon duke did grow so fat, 205
 That mice (as histories relate)
 Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
 His postique parts, without his feeling;
 Then how is't possible a kick
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210
 Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
 For one that's basted to feel pain,
 Because the pangs his bones endure
 Contribute nothing to the cure;
 Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215
 With pain no med'cine can assuage.
 Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,
 That takes a basting for a blemish:
 For what's more hon'rabl than scars,
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220
 Some have been beaten till they know
 What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;

And yet have met after long running, 225
With some whom they have taught that cunning.

The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.

By laws of learned duellists,

They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, 230

And think one beating may for once

Suffice, are cowards and poltroons;

But if they dare engage t' a second,

They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Roman's freedom did bestow, 235

Our princes worship, with a blow.

King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetick

And testy courtiers with a kick.

The Negus, when some mighty lord

Or potentate's to be restor'd,

240

And pardon'd for some great offence,

With which he's willing to dispense,

First has him laid upon his belly,

Then beaten back and side t' a jelly;

That done, he rises, humbly bows,

245

And gives thanks for the princely blows;

Departs not meanly proud, and boasting

Of his magnificent rib-roasting.

The beaten soldier proves most manful,

That, like his sword, endures the anvil,

250

And justly 's held more formidable,

The more his valour's malleable:

But he that fears a bastinado,

Will run away from his own shadow;

And tho' I'm now in durance fast,

255

By our own party basely cast,

Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,

And worse than by the enemy us'd;

In close *catasta* shut, past hope

Of wit or valour to elope;

260

V, 239.] A King of Ethiopia.

As beards, the nearer that they tend
 To th' earth still grow more reverend ;
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their breeches ;
 I'll make this low dejected fate 265
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You 'ave almost made me' in love
 With that which did my pity move.
 Great wits and valours, like great states,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights : 270
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
 Like east and west, become the same.
 No Indian prince has to his palace
 More followers than a thief to the gallows.
 But if a beating seem so brave, 275
 What glories must a whipping have ?
 Such great atchievements cannot fail
 To cast salt on a woman's tail :
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent
 Of passive courage were so gallant, 280
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
 He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard.
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour, 285
 Wines work when wines are in the flower :
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you wou'd seem to doubt,
 Shall be to all the world made out ; 290
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
 And magnanimity I bear it ;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you ;
 And if I fail in love or troth, 295
 Be you the winner and take both.

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Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;
And tho' I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit ; 300
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich 305
Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.

Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns 310
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.

Have you not pow'r to entertain,
And render love for love again ;
As no man can draw in his breath 315
At once, and force out air beneath ?

Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force ? 320

For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.

It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :
For what does make it ravishment, 325
But being against the mind's consent ?

A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us ? 330

But tho' you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatique way,

Why should you not at least allow
 Those that love you to do so too ?
 For, as you fly me, and pursue 335
 Love more averſe, ſo I do you ;
 And am by your own doctrine taught
 To praſtiſe what you call a fault.

Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
 You muſt fly me as I do you ; 340
 But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
 In love and preaching, that muſt ſway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
 Is to forbid my pulſe to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
 Command me to piſs out the moon,
 And 'twill as eaſily be done.

Love's power 's too great to be withſtood
 By feeble human fleſh and blood. 350

'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The heſt'ring kill-cow Hercules ;
 Transform'd his leager-lion's ſkin
 T' a petticoat, and made him ſpin ;
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355
 T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle.

'Twas he that made Emperors gallants
 To their own ſiſters and their aunts ;
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog : 360

'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
 And fluxt the Houſe of many a burgeſs ;
 Made thoſe that repreſent the nation
 Submit and ſuffer amputation ;
 And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal 365
 Adjourn to tubs at ſpring and fall.
 He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
 To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom ;

Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——— 370

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;

And tho' she were of rigid temper, 375
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine

Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex? 380

Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?

And sung, as out of tune, 'gainst,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reason for it, 385
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects,
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns, 390

And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;

And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
To be the rival of a cow:

V. 370. *And take the ring at Madam —*] Stennet was the person whose name was dashed, says Sir Roger L'Estrange, (*Key to Hudibras*.) "Her husband was by profession a broom-man, and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

Others to prostitute their great hearts,
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts :
 Some with the devil himself in league grow,
 By 's representative a Negro. 400

'Twas this made Vestal maid love-sick,
 And venture to be bury'd quick :
 Some by their fathers and their brothers
 To be made mistresses and mothers.
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
 On lacquies, and *valets des chambres* ;
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms ;
 To slight the world, and to disparage
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
 Yet such as I should rather bear
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
 Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
 For secrecy in love, as treason.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,
 That at the windore eye does steal in,
 To rob the heart, and with his prey
 Steals out again a closer way, 420
 Which whosoever can discover,

He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
 In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
 Which sooty chymists stop in holes, 425
 When out of wood they extract coals ;
 So lovers should their passions choke,
 That tho' they burn, they may not smoke.

'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
 And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole ; 430
 So love does lovers, and us men
 Draws by the tails into his den,

That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal 435
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary' Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose : 440
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else :
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologique sense,
The real substance of the shadow, 445
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way ;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow ; 450
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.

I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat :
It is all philtres and high diet, 455
That makes love rampant, and to fly out :

'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done : 460

That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances :
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call :

For what is worth in any thing, 465
But so much money as 'twill bring ?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,

In which no creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470
 I do confess, with goods and land,
 I'd have a wife at second hand;
 And such you are: nor is 't your person
 My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
 But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
 Let me your fortune but possess,
 And settle your person how you please,
 Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
 You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
 Or any feat of qualm or fawning,
 But hanging of yourself or drowning;
 Your only way with me to break 485
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
 So that wou'd break my heart; which done,
 My tempting fortune is your own. 490
 These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
 Will damn himself over and over,
 And greater matters undertake
 For a less worthy mistress' sake:
 Yet they're the only ways to prove 495
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
 For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
 The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
 For meer experiment and proof; 500
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,
 To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,
 And like a water-witch try love;
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:

As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected : 505
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover :
Trust is a trial ; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck : 510

Beside, th' experiment's more certain ;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune :
The soldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay ;
Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515
To share with knaves, in cheating fools ;
And merchants, vent'ring thro' the main,
Sight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain :
This is the way I advise you to ;
Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loth to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's aforesaid do precede :
Give but yourself one gentle swing, 525
For trial, and I'll cut the string ;
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall,
To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof :
As it had need to be, to enter, 535
As yet, on any new adventure :
You see what hangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd :
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose; two words t' a bargain;
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given downright proof;
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545
 I have to love, nor coy dislike;
 'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
 T' your conversation, mien, or person,
 But a just fear, lest you should prove
 False and perfidious in love: 550
 For if I thought you could be true,
 I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith is adamantin
 As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain:
 True as Apollo ever spoke, 555
 Or oracle from heart of oak;
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly,
 With that one and that other pigfney, 560
 The sun and day shall sooner part,
 Than love or you shake off my heart;
 The sun, that shall no more dispense
 His own, but your bright influence.
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565
 With true-loves-knots and flourishes
 That shall infuse eternal spring,
 And everlasting flourishing;
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
 And make it brisk champaign become. 570
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet;
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
 Nature her charter shall renew, 575
 And take all lives of things from you;

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The world depend upon your eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die ;
 Only our loves shall still survive,
 New worlds and Nature's to outlive, 580
 And like to herald's moons remain,
 All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss ;
 For you will find it a hard chapter, 585
 To catch me with poetick rapture,
 In which your Mastery of Art
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart :
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
 By dint of high heroic fustian. 590

She that with poetry is won,
 Is but a desk to write upon ;
 And what men say of her, they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean.
 Some with Arabian spices strive 595
 To embalm her cruelly alive ;

Or season her, as French cooks use
 Their *haut-gouffs*, *bouillies*, or *ragouffs* :
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 To grind her lips upon a mill, 600
 Until the *facet doublet* doth

Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;
 Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
 A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
 Others make posies of her cheeks, 605

Where red and whitest colours mix ;
 In which the lily and the rose
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies, 610
 Are but black patches that she wears,
 Cut into sun, and moons, and stars ;

By which astrologers, as well
 As those in heav'n above, can tell
 What strange events they do foreshow 615
 Unto her under-world below.
 Her voice, the music of the spheres,
 So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
 As wise philosophers have thought,
 And that's the cause we hear it not. 620
 This has been done by some, who those
 They' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
 And in those ribbons would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung,
 That have the hard fate to write best 625
 Of those still that deserve it least;
 It matters not how false or forc'd,
 So the best things be said o' th' worst;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630
 Whether it be a swan or goose
 They level at: so shepherds use
 To set the same mark on the hip
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
 For wits that carry low or wide, 635
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
 But when they take their aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With Fulhams of poetick fiction:
 I rather hop'd I should no more
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645
 The readiest remedies of love,
 Next a dry diet; but if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail

V. 6;2.] A cant word for false dice.

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In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock; 650
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
That for a bruise'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage; 660
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand 665
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality? 670
I know you cannot think me fit
To be the yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe, 675
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd: I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner, 680
And may confer it where he lists,
I th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,

By those that are proprietors, 685
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell? 690

Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
A' spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof, 695
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day, 700
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon 705
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself by topick clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard, 710
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:

This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon, 715

Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation:

Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either? 720

Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here, 725
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood, 730
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
'Till you explain yourself, and show 735
B' experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, if you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you satisfact'ry account;
So you will promise if you lose,
To settle all and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And tho' the vulgar count them homely, 745
In men or beast they are so comely,
So genteel, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane, 750
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755
Each night he sinks a queen to death;

Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than yours on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word; 760

And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye 'ave yet deny'd to give 765
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But make it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give it's poor entertainer quarter; 770
And by discharge, or main prize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do't, 775
(Your honour's sake) I'd let you out.

That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant Knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in, 780
Is that which Knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;

For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
To free a Knight we have no warrant

In any authenthical romance,
Or classick author yet of France;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak, 790
Or innovation introduce

In place of things of antique use,

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To free your heels by any course
 That might be' unwholesome to your spurs :
 Which if I should consent unto, 795
 It is not in my pow'r to do ;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye
 With solemn previous ceremony ;
 Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie : 800
 For as the ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
 So from this dungeon there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where Knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance : 810
 Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences,
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter,
 That lays foundation for renown, 815
 And all the honours of the gown :
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with hon'rabl discharge ;
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials, 820
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of ev'ry town ;
 And all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
 Now if you'll venture, for my sake, 825
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping on,

(And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigour do't) 830
 I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewsie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me on oath a fair account, 835
 And honour too when you have done 't;
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too? 840
 What med'cine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam, 845
 The sea, his mother Venus came on;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movement and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?
 It is an easier way to make 855
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whippin,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses? 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
 With China-oranges and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?

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Bribe chamber-maids with love and money, 865
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes hazard noses?
Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn? 87
All this you may compound for now,
By suff'ring what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By Knights for Ladies long agoe.
Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
For the Infanta Del Toboso?
Did not the illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
And with bull's pizzle for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip, 885
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And tho' a grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And fir'd his hide, as if she 'ad rid post; 890
And after in the Sessions court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the Magicians circle, clear. 895
Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.
Amen, (quoth she) then turn'd about,
And bid her squire let him out. 900

But ere an artist could be found
 T' undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 (Myfterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade)
 And in the lanthorn of the night,
 With shining horns hung out her light; 910
 For darkness is the proper sphere
 Where all false glories us'd t' appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
 While sleep the wearied world reliev'd, 915
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
 His whipping penance till the morn,
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the dark, 920
 With erring haste, but rather stay,
 And do't in th' open face of day;
 And in the mean time go in quest
 Of next retreat to take his rest. 924

V. 903. The evening is here finely described; the
 Epicks are not more exact in describing times and
 seasons than our Poet: we may trace his hero morn-
 ing and night; and it should be observed, in the
 conclusion of this Canto, (conformable to the practice
 of the Critics upon Homer and Virgil) that one day
 is only passed since the opening of the Poem.

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H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to sickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

'TIS strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute;
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaign, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,

Beat out their brains in fight and study,
 To prove that virtue is a body,
 That *bonum* is an animal,
 Made good with stout polemick brawl; 20
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face
 Retrench'd of nose, eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.
 All which the Knight and Squire in wrath, 25
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap, 30
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn;
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed:
 But first with knocking loud and bawling,
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle-lolling: 40
 And after many circumstances
 Which vulgar authors in romances
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description,
 They got (with much ado) to horse, 45
 And to the Castle bent their course,

V. 29. Several of the books in Homer's Iliad and
 Odyssey begin with describing the morning: so, also,
 does Mr. Butler take care to let the world know at
 what time of the day (which he exactly describes) these
 momentous actions of his hero were transacted.

In which he to the Dame before
 To suffer whipping-duty swore :
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said ;
 Whether it be direct infringing 55
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
 And what I've sworn to bear forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear ;
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing, 60
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discuss ;
 In which to err a tittle may
 To errors infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know 65
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin,
 I shall enlarge upon the point ;
 And for my own part, do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out. 70
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light ;
 And thus 'tis ; Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less than to forbear, 75
 And that you are forsworn forswear.
 But first, o' th' first : The inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing ; 80
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystick sense :

Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble
 In literal fray, 's abominable :
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use 85
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
 Like modern Indians to their idols ;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate leis with greater crimes, 90
 And call the foul abomination
 Contrition and mortification.
 Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,
 With sinful Members of the Wicked ;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95
 Profan'd, and curry'd back and side ;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes by their example ?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it : 100
 This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous sin. Now to the second ;
 That Saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear 105
 With pregnant light : the point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
 Too feeble implements to bind ;
 And hold with deeds proportion, so
 As shadows to a substance do. 110
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit.
 Altho' your Church be opposite
 To ours, as Black-friars are to White,
 In rule and order yet I grant 115
 You are a Reformado saint ;
 And what the Saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to :

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But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege ; 120
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own :
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125
I think there's little reason why :
Else he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear ; 130
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain :
For breaking of an oath, and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue ; and from hence 135
Some have broke oaths by Providence :
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word ;
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles' acts is. 140
Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carry'd on ?

V. 136.] When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, " That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world ; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed, " The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

Was there an oath the Godly took,
 But in due time and place they broke ?
 Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145
 Before our plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter models, for
 The present use of Church and War ?
 Did not our Worthies of the House,
 Before they broke the peace, break vows ? 150
 For having freed us first from both
 Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,
 Did they not next compel the nation
 To take and break the Protestation ?
 To swear, and after to recant, 155
 The Solemn League and Covenant ?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight
 For the King's safety, and his right ? 160
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot ;
 But yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence ?
 Did they not swear to live and die 165
 With Essex, and straight laid him by ?
 If that were all, for some have swore
 As false as they, if they did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw ? 170
 For protestant religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow ?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a rent ?
 And since, of all the three, not one 175
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear, in express words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords ?

And after turn'd out the whole houseful
Of Peers, as dangerous and unuseful. 180
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore and swore, 185
Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient. 190
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why 195
Should Private Faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold. 200
A Saint's of th' heavenly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, tho' the thing be forgery, 205
And false, t' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the Book. 210
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course;
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please:

Or misinterpret them by private 215
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,
 And curtail our own privilege?
 Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear
 Their light within 'em) will not swear; 220
 Their Gospel is an Accidence,
 By which they construe Conscience,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's head,
 (The head and founder of their order, 225
 That stirring hats held worse than murder)
 These thinking they're oblig'd to troth
 In swearing, will not take an oath:
 Like mules, who if they 've not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still: 230
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born consciences may do.
 'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil;
 For Saints may do the same things by, 235
 The Spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do,
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary. 240
 For as on land there is no beast
 But in some fish at sea's exprest;
 So in the Wicked there's no vice
 Of which the Saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in 245
 The one, in th' other is a sin.
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,
 That ought to be above such fancies,
 As far as above Ordinances? 250

She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And tho', like constables, we search
For false wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,

255

No faith is to the Wicked due.
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;

Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew

260

Those mysteries and revelations;

And therefore topical evasions

Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,

Serve best with th' Wicked for pretence;

Such as the learned Jesuits use,

265

And Presbyterians, for excuse

Against the Protestants, when th' happen

To find their Churches taken napping;

As thus; A breach of oath is duple,

And either way admits a scruple,

270

And may be *ex parte* of the maker,

More criminal than th' injur'd taker;

For he that strains too far a vow,

Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow;

And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,

275

Not he that for Convenience took it.

A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,

As sound t' all purposes of troth,

As broken laws are ne'er the worse,

Nay, till they're broken have no force.

280

What's justice to a man, or laws,

That never comes within their claws?

They have no pow'r, but to admonish;

Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,

Until they're broken, and then touch

285

Those only that do make 'em such.

Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good ;
 For when they're set at liberty,
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew
 Did make to God or man a vow,
 Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295
 Might free him from the obligation :
 And have not two Saints pow'r to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?
 The court of Conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and soveran, 300
 Is 't fit should be subordinate
 To every petty court i' th' state,
 And have less power than the lesser
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305
 Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder ?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio* ?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at *vis-franc* pledge ? 310
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuisance ;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ;
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315
 To help itself at a dead list ?
 Why should not Conscience have vacation
 As well as other Courts o' th' nation ;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return ; 320
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,

Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints ?
Why should not tricks as slight do points ?
Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn 325
To judge that law that serves their turn ?
Make their own jealousies high-treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?
Cannot the learned Counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear ? 330
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy,
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm ?
Rack 'em until they do confess, 335
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their lives for them ?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by Oath and Conscience. 340
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with wrong and right ;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air ?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge, 345
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?
As seamen with the self-same gale
Will several different courses sail ;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds, 350
Those banks and dams, that like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in ;
So when tyrannical usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chancery every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer ?

Is not the winding up witnesses,
 And nicking, more than half the business ? 360
 For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they 're set, too fast or slow ;
 And where in Conscience they're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

Do not your Juries give their verdict 365
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?

And as they please, make matter o' fact
 Run all on one side, as they're packt ?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within doors ; 370
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.

If Oaths can do a man no good
 In his own business, why they should,
 In other matters, do him hurt, 375
 I think there's little reason for't.

He that imposes an oath makes it ;
 Not he that for convenience takes it ;
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an oath he never made ? 380

These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' Wicked, tho' they evince the Godly ;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.
 Honour is like that glassy bubble, 385
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crackt to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
 To swear by only in a Lord : 390
 In other men 'tis but a huff
 To vapour with, instead of proof,
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still. 395
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt; 400
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.
Tho' nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may supply the place 405
Of suffering Saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England use
Choice Malefactors to excuse, 410
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cöbler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use, 415
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious Brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel) 420
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force 425
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430

(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobbie)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did 435
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid:
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse
From thy own Doctrine, to raise Use:
I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches 455
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And tho' all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense: 460
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 465
Do slaw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it. 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done, 475
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do: 480

For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485

As, ere we part, I shall evince it;
And curry (if you stand out) whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art? 490

To higgie thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an opulent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws, 495

Will not be hide-bound to the Cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Ye 'ad best (quoth Ralpho), as the Ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,

And look before you ere you leap;
For, As you sow ye 're like to reap;
And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505
I should make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510
A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the Churches, which may chance, 515
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
When common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politicks
We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520
Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' Army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your Church, 525
And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And snap'd their Canons with a Why-not: 530
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard)
Their Classick model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten, 535
On which they 'ad been so long a sitting;
Deery'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obsolete,

And all the Saints of the first grafs,
As caſtling foals of Balaam's aſs.

540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, ſtaring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,

545

And for ſo many moons lain by 't,

And when all other means did fail,

Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?

Not but they thought me worth a ranſom

Much more conſid' rable and handſome,

550

But for their own ſakes, and for fear

They were not ſafe when I was there;

Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,

An upſtart Sect'ry, and a mongrel,

Such as breed out of peccant humours

555

Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,

And like a maggot in a ſore,

Wou'd that which gave it life devour;

It never ſhall be done or ſaid:

With that he ſeiz'd upon his blade;

560

And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,

Upon his baſket-hilt laid hold,

With equal readineſs prepar'd,

To draw and ſtand upon his guard;

When both were parted on the ſudden,

565

With hideous clamour, and a loud one,

As if all ſorts of noiſe had been

Contracted into one loud din;

Or that ſome member to be choſen,

Had got the odds above a thouſand;

570

And by the greatneſs of his noiſe,

Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.

This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the Knight

And wrathful Squire into a fright;

And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
 Both thought it was the wisest course
 To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse beating. 580
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horrôr and disdain wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear 585
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
 And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antique shew ;
 A triumph that, for pomp and state,
 Did proudest Romans emulate :
 For as the Aldermen of Rome 595
 Their foes at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory,
 (As some, mistaken, write in story)
 Being mounted in their best array,
 Upon a carre, and who but they ? 600
 And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
 'That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the Borough ;
 So when this triumph drew so nigh, 605
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that.
 First, he that led the cavalcate
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610

On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615
From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehead stag,
A Cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave; 620
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine, 625
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good-manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
'Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635
He held revers't, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a ray-bon'd steed,
The conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum;
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
Which as he rode she made him twist off;

And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd whiffers, and staffers on foot, 650
 With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages;
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago minx,
 'That was both Madara and a Don, 655
 Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
 The Knight transported, and the Squire
 Put up their weapons and their ire; 660
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
 On such sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His animadversions, for his heart.
 Quoth he, In all my life, till now, 665
 I ne'er saw so profane a show;
 It is a Paganish invention,
 Which Heathen writers often mention;
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,
 Or Rofs, or Cælius Rodogine, 670
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
 'That best describe those ancient shows;
 And has observ'd all fit decorums
 We find describ'd by old historians:
 For as the Roman conqueror,
 That put an end to foreign war, 675
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
 So this insulting female brave
 Carries, behind her here, a slave: 680
 And as the ancients long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,

Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
 So her proud Standard-bearer here,
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
 Next links and torches, heretofore
 Still borne before the emperor :
 And as in antique triumph eggs
 Were borne for mystical intrigues ; 690
 There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too fresh, or addle :
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695
 For all th' antiquity you smatter
 Is but a riding us'd of course,
 When The grey mare's the better horse ;
 When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion, 700
 And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
 And brought him under Covert-baron,
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705
 And ride their husbands like night-mares,
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
 And by the right of war, like gills,
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels : 710
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense :
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;
 That does not make a man the worse,

Altho' his shoulders with battoon
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune. 720
 A tailor's prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day;
 Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' adversity of success;
 And only unto such this shew
 Of horns and petticoats is due. 730
 There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans call'd Ovation;
 For as ovation was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood;
 So men decree those lesser shows 735
 For victory gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a chair-curule,
 Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool, 740
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said
 The Adriatic sea to wed;
 And have a gentler wife than those 745
 For whom the state decrees those shows.
 But both are Heathenish, and come
 From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the Saints should be withstood,
 As antichristian and lewd; 750
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost struggles to prohibit.

This said they both advanc'd, and rode
 A dog-trot thro' the bawling croud

T' attack the leader, and still prest, 755
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast :
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
 Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
 With men of orthodox profession ? 760
 'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
 Upon her horned beast astride,
 Like this proud Dame, who either is 765
 A type of her, or she of this ?
 Are things of superstitious function
 Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine ?
 It is an antichristian opera,
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery ; 770
 Of running after self inventions
 Of wicked and profane intentions ;
 To scandalize that sex for scolding,
 To whom the Saints are so beholden.
 Women who were our first apostles, 775
 Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else ;
 Women that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the Cause might be concern'd ;

V. 775.] The women were zealous contributors
 to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James
 Howel observes, " That unusual voluntary collections
 " were made both in town and country ; the seam-
 " strefs brought in her silver thimble, the chamber-
 " maid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into
 " the common treasury of war.—And some sort
 " of females were freer in their contributions, so far
 " as to part with their rings and ear-rings, as if some
 " golden calf were to be molten and set up to be
 " idolized."

Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols; 780
 Their husbands' cullies, and sweethearts,
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
 Drew several Gifted Brethren in,
 That for the Bishops wou'd have been,
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party, 785
 With motives powerful and hearty :
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their Gifts
 All they could rap and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver; 790
 Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for Parliament;
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow-puddings many a meal :
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
 On controverted points, to eat;
 And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,
 With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the Cause at London? 800
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T' intrench the City for defence in :
 Rais'd rampires with their own soft hands,
 To put the Enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches 805
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
 Fall'n to their pick-axes, and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.
 Have not the handmaids of the City
 Chose of their Members a Committee, 810
 For raising of a common purse
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?
 And do they not as Triers sit,
 To judge what officers are fit?

Have they——At that an egg let fly, 815
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd,
With orange-tawny slime, his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view. 820
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on the other side a load,
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell, 825
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835
And brought them off from further fray;
And tho' disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, 841
With spurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying 845
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs for action or discourse;

V. 839.] *Rains*, in the four first editions.

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes ; 350
 For where no honour's to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
 'Twas ill for us we had to do
 With so dishon'rabl a foe :
 For tho' the law of arms doth bar 355
 The use of venom'd shot in war,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
 Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath ; 360
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not given us such a brush :
 But as those poltroons that sling dirt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
 So all the honour they have won, 365
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse to be in triumph led ; 370
 Than which the Ancients held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold adventure e'er
 Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,
 It may, being destin'd to assert 375
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
 And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the empire for't : 380
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :
 And why may not this foul address
 Prefage in love the same success ?

Then let us straight to cleanse our wounds, 885
Advance in quest of nearest ponds :
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

HUDIBRAS.

H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight, with various doubts possest,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
To know the Destinies resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand, 5
The more they' admire his sleight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapt as men catch larks by night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10
Some with a medicine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with subtle cob-web cheats
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled: 20
And while their purses can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee 25
What shall, and what shall never be;
And as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A flamm more senseless than the roguery
Of old aurospicy and augury, 30
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
Tho' cheats, yet more intelligible, 35
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew;
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed agen, 40
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to bustle, 45
And with his inward man to juggle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue;
Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale, 50

It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love ;
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow :
And that he durst not now, for shame, 55
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.
Quoth he, In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters, 60
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about :
For tho' the Dame has been my bail, 65
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog ; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain : 70
So tho' my ancle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed ;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over :
And when I shall appear in court 75
To plead my cause, and answer for 't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To shew, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her, 85
Having demurr'd unto her favour ?

But faith, and love, and honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post ?
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I'm to prove by argument, 90
 And justify I have a tail,
 And that way, too, my proof may fail.
 Oh ! that I could enucleate,
 And solve the problems of my fate ;
 Or find, by necromantic art, 95
 How far the Destinies take my part ;
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear her and her fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and Worship : 100
 For tho' an oath obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 (As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
 And sinful, when men swear in vain.
 Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel, 106
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the Moon sells ;
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair : 110
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen slinks out o' the way ;
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
 And sows of sucking-pigs are chows'd ;
 When cattle feel indisposition, 115
 And need the opinion of physician ;
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the p'p ;
 When yest and outward means do fail,
 And have no pow'r to work on ale ; 120

V. 106.] This was William Lilly, the famous
 astrologer of those times.

When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humourfome;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
I've heard of, and shou'd like it well,
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
To go to forcerers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that :
Those principles I quoted late 130

Prove that the Godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the devil himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto :
For as there is a war between 135
The devil and them, it is no sin,

If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A ledger to the devil sent, 140

Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out ?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threefcore of 'em in one shire ?
Some only for not being drown'd, 145

And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150
Or pigs that suddenly decaist

Of griefs unna'ral, as he guesst ;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
D.d not the devil appear to Martin 155
Luther, in Germany, for certain ?

And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Mart. was too, too politick.
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church? 160
 Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
 And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
 Meet with the Parliament's Committee, 165
 At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?
 At Sarum take a cavalier,
 I' th' Cause's service, prisoner?
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has register'd to after-time. 170
 Do not our great Reformers use
 This Sidrophiel to forebode news;
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
 A total o'erthrow given the King
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whatsoe'er the Close Committee would? 180
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
 The Moon for fundamental laws?
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
 Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
 The Scorpion take the Proteitation, 185
 And Bear engage for Reformation?
 Made all the Royal stars recant,
 Compound, and take the Covenant?
 Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
 The Saints may' employ a conjurer, 190

V. 169.] Withers was a Puritanical officer in the
 Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry.

As thou hast prov'd it by their practice ;
 No argument like matter of fact is :
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's principles, by what they do.
 Then let us strait advance in quest 195
 Of this profound gymnosophist,
 And as the fates and he advise,
 Pursue or wave this enterprise.
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,
 And estfoons on th' adventure rid ; 200
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
 And to the conjurer turn our style,
 To let our reader understand
 What's useful of him before-hand.
 He had been long towards mathematics, 205
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology :
 But as a dog that turns the spit
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again,
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was ;
 So in the circle of the arts 215
 Did he advance his natural parts,
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat ;
 For as those fowls that live in water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter ; 220
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear ;
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.

V. 225.] Roger Bacon, usually called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for some

Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
 And all men dream on 't to be true,
 That in this world there's not a wart
 That has not there a counterpart;
 Nor can there on the face of ground 230
 An individual beard be found
 That has not, in that foreign nation,
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in the inferior world.
 He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before, 235
 The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
 And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th' Emperor, wou'd tell ye:
 But with the Moon was more familiar 240
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer;
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there:
 Knew when she was in fittest mood 245
 For cutting corns, or letting blood;
 When for anointing scabs or itches,
 Or to the bum applying leeches;
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder 's made;
 Whether the wane be, or increase, 250
 Best to set garlick, or sow pease;
 Who first found out the Man o' th' Moon,
 That to the Ancients was unknown;

some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by
 the rabble accounted a conjurer.

Ib.] Robert Grosset was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th
 Henry III. A. D. 1235.

V. 235.] This Dee was a Welchman, and educated
 at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and af-
 terwards travelled into foreign parts in quest of
 chymistry, &c,

How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres;
 Their airy empire, and command, 255
 Their several strengths by sea and land;
 What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private:
 With what designs and interetts
 Each party manages contests. 260
 He made an instrument to know
 If the Moon shine at full or no;
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
 Tell what her diameter to an inch is, 265
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in
 The Moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no dog nor bitch
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270
 But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake;
 How large a gulf his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;
 How many German leagues by th' scale 275
 Cape Snout's from Promontory tail.
 He made a planetary gin,
 Which rats would run their own heads in,
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expence of cheese or bacon. 280
 With lute-strings he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
 Quote moles and spots on any place
 O' th' body, by the index face;
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 285
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
 Cure warts and corns, with application
 Of medicines to th' imagination;

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Fright agues into dogs, and scare
 With rhimes, the tooth-ach and catarrh ; 290
 Chace evil spirits away by dint
 Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint ;
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;
 And fire a mine in China here, 295
 With sympathetic gun-powder.
 He knew whatsoever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own.
 What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
 Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 300
 What figur'd slates are best to make,
 On wat'ry surface, duck or drake ;
 What bowling-stones, in running race
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
 Whether a pulse beat in the black 305
 Lift of a dappled louse's back :
 If systole or diastole move
 Quickest when he is in wrath, or love ;
 When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ; 310
 How many scores a flea will jump,
 Of his own length, from head to rump,
 Which Socrates and Chærephon
 In vain assay'd so long ago ;
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;
 How many different specieses
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320
 Of those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of zany serv'd,

Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps;
 Wide as meridians in maps;
 To squander paper, and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He 'd to more high advancement rise,
 To be an under-conjurer,
 Or journeyman astrologer:
 His business was to pump and wheedle, 335
 And men with their own keys unriddle;
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers;
 To fetch and carry' intelligence
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all discoveries disperse 340
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem;
 And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
 To gain themselves and th' art repute;
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art: 350
 Which way a serving-man, that's run
 With clothes or money away, is gone;

V. 325. Whachum, journeyman to Sidrophel, who
 was one Tom Jones, a foolish Welchman. In a
 key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to
 be one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet
 of about five sheets of base ribaldry, and called,
Hydibras in a Snare. It was printed about the year
 1667.

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Who pick'd a fob at Holding - forth,
 And where a watch, for half the worth,
 May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master
 In quality of poetaster,
 And rhymes appropriate could make
 To every month i' th' almanack; 360
 When terms begin and end could tell,
 With their returns, in doggerel;
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
 And sowerdeller with safety cuts;
 When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
 And when be temperate, if they will;
 When use, and when abstain from vice,
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
 And as in prison mean rogues beat
 Hemp for the service of the great, 370
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains
 T' advance his master's fame and gains,
 And, like the devil's oracles,
 Put into doggerel rhymes his spells,
 Which over every month's blank page 375
 I' th' almanack, strange hilks presage.
 Hewould an elegy compose
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
 In lyric numbers write an ode on
 His mistress' eating a black-pudden; 380
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It puffed him with poetick rapture.
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
 That circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:
 A carman's horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to poetry;

No porter's burthen pass'd along,
 But serv'd for burthen to his song; 390
 Each window like a pillory appears,
 With heads thrust thro' nail'd by the ears;
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse 395
 Breeds business for heroic verse,
 Which none does hear but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
 In mansion prudently contriv'd, 400
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk,
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words, 405
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws, concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning:
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope, 410
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
 That, like a bird of paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones nor lays eggs;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a light, 420
 Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear:

V. 404. Fisk was a licenciante in physick, which
 he practised, as well as Astrology, in our author's
 time in London.

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This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,
Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425
Is that appears in heaven yonder ?
A comet, and without a beard !
Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
With which like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations ;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been
To the houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural, 435
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again, 440
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :
For if it be above the shade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far, 445
Appear no bullet, but a star.
This said, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite, 450
Then peeping thro', Bless us ! (quoth he)
It is a planet, now, I see ;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn ; yes, 'tis clear 455
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there ?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale ;

Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common, 460
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry,
 Thro' perspective, more wistfully,
 When, by mischance, the fatal string, 465
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 He 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it;
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted, 470
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?
 It threatens Nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough 475
 The day of judgment's not far off;
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magick:
 Then since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.
 This feat fell out not long before
 The Knight upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing, 485
 Was now in prospect of the mansion;
 Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
 Whachum, (quoth he) look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come: 490

V. 477. William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist, sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things.

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The one's the learned Knight; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all submissness
T' accost 'em, but much more their business :
He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495
From leathern Bare-bones did alight ;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say : 500
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their business lay ? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover, 505
And pains intolerable doth suffer ;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung— 510
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis.
Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer, 515
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Mean while the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter ;
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception ; 520
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way ;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near, 525
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,

Which he prevented thus : What was 't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd ?

Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530
 In opposition with Mars,

And no benign and friendly stars
 T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So !

In Virgo ? Ha ! quoth Whachum, No :
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it, 535
 One-tenth of 's circle to a minute ?

'Tis well, quoth he. — Sir, you'll excuse
 'This rudeness I am forc'd to use ;

It is a scheme and face of heaven,
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540
 I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, if I appear
 Unseasonable in coming here
 At such a time to interrupt 545
 Your speculations, which I hop'd
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
 The stars your coming did foretel ; 550
 I did expect you here, and knew,
 Before you spake, your business too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er
 You tell me after on your word, 555
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
 And for three years has rid your wit
 And passion, without drawing bit ; 560
 And now your business is to know
 If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,
But how the devil you come by 't
I can't imagine; for the stars 565
I'm sure can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects (tho' you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
That turns as certain as the spheres: 570
But if the dev'l's of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, if you suppose, 575
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sown by the ear; 580
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology;
But for the devil know nothing by him, 585
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms, 591
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itself more warrantable 595
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.

Your antient conjurers were wont
 'To make her from her sphere dismount, 600
 And to their incantation stoop;
 They scorn'd to pore thro' telescope,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry almanac can tell, 605
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about:
 Your modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610
 And straight resolves all questions by 't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure
 To bring the devil to the lure;
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin, 615
 To catch intelligencies in.
 Some by the nose, with fumes, trepan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;
 Others with characters and words
 Catch 'em as men in nets do birds; 620
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
 With their own influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em:
 Make 'em depose and answer to 625
 All questions ere they let them go.

V. 618.] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of
 Canterbury, anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts
 and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of
 the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a
 Conjuror, and then of a Saint: he is revered as such
 by the Romanists, who keep an holy-day in honour
 of him, yearly, on the 19th of May.

Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain. 640
 To this quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
 Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
 But a true dog that would shew tricks 645
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
 And whatsoe'er he 's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go. 650
 As for the Rosycrofs philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but forcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655
 And Apollonius their master,
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do and all they know.

V. 631.] Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas ! what is 't t' us
 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 660
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter :
 'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665
 Before he pull'd her out of it ;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too,
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient Kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why ;
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric) 680
 For who knows all that knowledge contains ?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,

V. 669. 670.] Such gentry were Thomas Pury
 the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an igno-
 rant Solicitor. John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper
 of Newcastle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, af-
 terwards Colonel. Richard Salway, Colonel, for-
 merly a grocer's man, Thomas Rainborough, a
 skipper of Lynn, Colonel and Vice-admiral of
 England. Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk.
 Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner.
 Colonel John Jones, a serving-man. Colonel Bark-
 stead, a pitiful goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a founde-
 ling and drayman. Colonel Hewson, a cobbler ; and
 Colonel Harrison, a butcher.

But on their sides, or risings, seat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacs?
 The Median Emp'ror dreamt his daughter
 Had pist all Asia under water,
 And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
 Q'erspread his empire with its branches;
 And did not soothsayers expound it,
 As after by the event he found it?
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look'd pale for almost a year after?
 Augustus having, by oversight,
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that day,
 By soldiers mutinying for pay.
 Are there not myriads of this sort,
 Which stories of all times report?
 Is it not ominous in all countries,
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
 The Roman senate, when within
 The city walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
 (Our Synod calls Humiliations)
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
 From doing town or country hurt.
 And if an owl have so much pow'r,
 Why should not planets have much more,
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,

And should see further, and foreknow
 More than their augury below? 720
 Tho' that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by;
 And this is what we take in hand
 By pow'rful art to understand;
 Which, how we have perform'd, all ages 725
 Can speak th' events of our presages.
 Have we not lately, in the moon,
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
 And Magellan cou'd never compass? 730
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?
 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry 735
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
 For Anaxagoras, long ago,
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
 And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece; 740
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
 Because the sun had voided one;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
 But what, alas! is it to us, 745
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns?
 What trade from thence can you advance,
 But what we nearer have from France? 750
 What can our travellers bring home,
 That is not to be learnt at Rome?
 What politics, or strange opinions,
 That are not in our own dominions?

What science can be brought from thence, 755
In which we do not here commence?

What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanthorns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they 're in France? 760

Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?

Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?

Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics? 770

But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly, 775

Becomes new light and prophecy;
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Altho' they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set, 780

They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half? 785

Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote. 790

At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,
 He put his face into a posture
 Of sapience, and began to bluster ;
 For having three times shook his head 795
 To stir his wit up, thus he said :
 Art has no mortal enemies
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese ;
 Those consecrated geese, in orders,
 That to the Capitol were warders, 800
 And being then upon patrol,
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul ;
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
 That will not credit their own souls,
 Or any science understand, 805
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand :
 But measuring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known :
 Those wholesale critics, that in Coffee-
 Houses cry down all philosophy, 810
 And will not know upon what ground
 In Nature we our doctrine found,
 Altho' with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 As I just now have done to you, 815
 Foretelling what you came to know.
 Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers, and burglars by night ?
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820
 Or giving one another pledges
 Of matrimony under hedges ?
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
 Cutting from malefactors snippets ?
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825
 Of rebel-saints and perjurers,

Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said or done ?
 Is there a constellation there
 That was not born and bred up here ? 830
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern ?
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves ?
 And is it like they have not still 835
 In their old practices some skill ?
 Is there a planet that by birth
 Does not derive its house from earth,
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below ? 840
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram ?
 Did not we hear the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's periwig ?
 Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear ? 845
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair ?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence.
 Plato deny'd the world can be
 Govern'd without geometry, 850
 (For money being the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
 In all th' affairs of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight)
 Then much less can it be without 855
 Divine astrology made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as heav'n's above the earth.
 These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
 Are something more significant 860
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce ;

And yet they're far from satisfactory,
 T' establish and keep up your factory.
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865
 Shifted his setting and his rise;
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east;
 But whether that be true or no,
 The devil any of you know. 870
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And were 't not for their wheeling round,
 They 'd instantly fall to the ground;
 As sage Empedocles of old, 875
 And from him modern authors hold.
 Plato believ'd the sun and moon
 Below all other planets run.
 Some Mercury, some Venus seat
 Above the sun himself in height. 880
 The learned Scaliger complain'd
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
 That in twelve hundred years and odd,
 The sun had left its ancient road,
 And nearer to the earth is come 885
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
 Swore 'twas a most notorious sham,
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such fopperies abroad,
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd; 890
 Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the rod much more,
 That durst upon a truth give doom,
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
 Cardan believ'd great states depend 895
 Upon the tip o' the Bear's-tail's end,
 That as she whisk'd it towards the sun,
 Strow'd might'y empires up and down;

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Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails. 900
Some say the Zodiac constellations
865 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd, 905
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
870 Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, tho' the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake, 910
And is one cause they tell more lies,
875 In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
For want of Accidence and Latin,
880 Like Idus, and Calendæ, English't
The Quarter days, by skilful linguist;
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat; 920
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
885 Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
Make them the constellations prompt, 925
And give 'em back their own accompt;
890 But still the best to him that gives
The best price for 't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
Have cast the 'versal world's nativity, 930
And made the infant-stars confess,
895 Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkies, puppy-dogs, and cats;

Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks ; 935
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox :
 Some take a measure of their lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
 Make opposition, trine and quartile,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940
 As if the planet's first aspect
 The tender infant did infect
 In soul and body, and instill
 All future good and future ill ;
 Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking, 945
 At destin'd periods fall a-working,
 And break out like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of life : 950
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physick
 That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war ;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer and a slave ; 960
 A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
 A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and manslayer ;
 As if men from the stars did suck 965
 Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970

935 Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
940 In th' other world to be restored. 975

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know,
You wrong the art, and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose, 980

945 I will (altho' I've done 't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget besel you,
By way of horary inspection, 985

950 Which some account our worst erection.
With that he circles draws, and squares,
With ciphers, astral characters,
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Altho' set down hab-nab at random. 990

955 Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol;
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well;
And tho' you overcame the Bear, 995
960 The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave; 1000
965 That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face, 1005
970 And prove he was upon the place;

He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chous'd and Caldes'd ye like a blockhead; 1010
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015
 A constable to seize the wretches;
 For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony, and at the Sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all taylor's yards of one 1025
 Unanimous opinion;
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out; 1030
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the State's part,
 To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword 1035
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
 Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
 Of Hudibras did now erect

V, 1010.] i. e. Put the fortune-teller on him.

A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rush'd; 1060
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch, 1065
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. 1070
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:

But who his honour would defile,
 To take, or sell, two lives so vile ? 1080
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.
 This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.
 First he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a watch, with rings and locketts,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 A figure for, and so detect : 1090
 A copper-plate, with almanacks
 Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
 And blank-schemes to discover nimmers ;
 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095
 And sev'ral constellation stones,
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade ; 1100
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love.
 Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
 His plunder was not worth the while ;
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
 As Rota-men of politicks,

V. 1093.] This John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's ; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelborn*, a great speculatrix.

Straight cast about to over-reach
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110
 And make him glad, at least, to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,
 Before the secular prince of darkness
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass :
 And as a fox, with hot pursuit 1115
 Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
 And while the dogs run underneath,
 Escap'd (by counterfeiting death) 1120
 Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of atoms jostling in his brain,
 As learn'd philosophers give out ;
 So Sidrophello cast about,
 And fell to 's wonted trade again, 1125
 To feign himself in earnest slain :
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
 And seeming in his breast to smother
 A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I ?
 Alive, or dead ? or which way came I 1130
 Thro' so immense a space so soon ?
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
 More formidable than a Switzer's,
 My body thro' and thro' had drill'd, 1135
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run thro' : 1140
 And there lies Whachum by my side
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
 Oh ! oh ! with that he fetch'd a groan,
 And fell again into a swoon,

Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath, 1145
 And to the life out-acted death,
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
 He held it now no longer safe
 To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
 But rather leave him in the lurch:
 Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
 Refus'd to give himself one firke
 To carry on the Public Work;
 Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt, 1155
 And made their Discipline his sport;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
 And their Conventions prov'd high places;
 Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend Parsons, to my beard;
 For all which scandals to be quit
 At once, this juncture falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
 And tempt my fury if he dare:
 He must at least hold up his hand,
 By twelve free-holders to be scann'd,
 Who by their skill in palmistry,
 Will quickly read his destiny, 1170
 And make him glad to read his lesson,
 Or take a turn for 't at the Session,
 Unless his light and gifts prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
 For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175
 'Tis more than he can hope to do;
 And that will disengage my Conscience
 Of th' obligation, in his own sense:
 I'll make him now by force abide
 What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180

1145 To give my honour satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in the action.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,
 And; with activity unwont, 1185
 1150 Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
 Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

1160
 1165
 1170
 1175
 1180
 END OF PART II.

HEROICAL EPISTLE*

O F

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.—

WELL, Sidrophel, tho' 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your scull,
 As often as the moon 's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere ye 're giv'n o'er, 5
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
 For where your case can be no worse,
 The desperat'ft is the wisest course.
 Is't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Isächar's, 10
 And might (with equal reason) either
 For merit, or extent of leather,
 With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem,

Should yet be deaf against a noise 15
 So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in every crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart, 20
 Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
 To cry green-hastings with an engine;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound)
 And 'cause your folly's now no news, 25
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
 When folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears; 30
 For who but you could be possest
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mongrel curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues, 45
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps; 50

Recovering shankers, crySTALLINES,
 And nodes and botches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance, 70
 And with a penetrating eye
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in 't,
 And yet have no art, true or false, 75
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 V. 66. Sir Politick Wouldbe, in Volpone.

And faucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to :
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone : 90
 No, tho' ye 've purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame ;
 That now your talent's so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 'That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale—
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account ; 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas ! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise ;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;
 Tho' he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence ; 110
 And put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim :
 Tho' you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,
 That all affronts do still give place 115
 To your impenetrable face ;
 That makes your way thro' all affairs,
 As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs :

V. 91, 92.] These two lines, I think, plainly
 discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was
 here lashed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's
 fame abroad was indisputable.

Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
 You must not think 'twill always pass; 110
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone:
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon 115
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit. 120

HUDIBRAS.

H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce ;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made ;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.*

'TIS true no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too ;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit ;

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is considerably longer than either the First or the Second. I dare say the reader is not weary of him ; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the Poem ; and the reason is evident, because this last part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former ; and a poetic fire is equally diffused through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
 While those who fillily pursue
 The simple downright way and true, 10
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions.
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won 15
 Than by Caligula the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hinder'd,
 For trusting those they made her kindred, 20
 And still the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder;
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
 In purling streams or hemp departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
 This to the Knight would be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use,
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover, 40
 As he was always wont to do,
 When he 'ad discomfited a foe,

ble;

10

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And us'd the old antique philters
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
 But now triumphant, and victorious 45
 He held th' atchievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or beadle,
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice; 50
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;
 And if they cannot read one verse 55
 I' th' Psalms must sing it, and that's worse.
 He, therefore, judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
 And mainprize for him to the jail, 60
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall,
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the lady a rencounter,
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
 Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away;
 His bloody scourging aggravate,
 The number of the blows, and weight; 70
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his soul to swear;
 But rather than produce his back, 75
 To set his conscience on the rack;
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd and scourging,

And all things else, upon his part,
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80
 Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient errant Knights
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85
 To put them into am'rous twitters;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their gallants were half kill'd;
 But when their bones were drubb'd so fore,
 They durst not wooe one combat more, 90
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;
 And he acquires the noblest spouse, 95
 That widow's greatest herds of cows:
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who 'ave quell'd so vast a buffalo?
 Mean while the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's late orders to obey; 100
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber;
 When he who had so lately sack'd 105
 The enemy, had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd; 110
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough
 To render neither halter-proof:

- He thought it desperate to tarry, 115
 And venture to be accessary :
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
 He would have offer'd him that day, 120
 To make him curry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the riding dispensation :
 And therefore much about the hour 125
 The Knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
 Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,
 The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130
 T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
 And what he meant to carry on ;
 What project 'twas he went about,
 When Sidrophel and he fell out ;
 His firm and stedfast resolution, 135
 To swear her to an execution ;
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her ;
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their party-saints to represent, 140
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,
 To lay themselves out to supplant
 Each other cousin-german saint.
 But ere the Knight could do his part, 145
 The Squire had got so much the start,
 He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.
 Just as he finish'd his report,
 The Knight alighted in the court, 150

And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
 And taking time for both to stale,
 He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer to accost and-board her:
 And now began t' approach the door, 155
 When she, who' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight;
 With whom encount'ring, after longees
 Of humble and submissive congees, 160
 And all due ceremonies paid,
 He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye;
 And now am come to bring your ear 165
 A present you'll be glad to hear;
 At least I hope so: the thing's done,
 Or may I never see the sun;
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle hand; 170
 And that you 'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine, to my smait.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ake:
 But she, who well enough knew what 175
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The mystery of what he mean'd,
 And therefore wish'd him to expound
 His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 And for those meritorious lashes, 185
 To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted scone,
 And that you promis'd for that favour,
 To bind your back to th' good behaviour, 190
 And for my sake and service, vow'd
 To lay upon 't a heavy load,
 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other Knights do oft make love;
 Which whether you have done or no 195
 Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
 But if you have, I shall confess
 Y' are honestest than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
 I cannot prove it but by oath; 200
 And if you make a question on 't,
 I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't:
 And he that makes his soul his surety,
 I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure 205
 Against distress and forfeiture;
 Is free from action, and exempt
 From execution and contempt;
 And to be summon'd to appear
 In th' other world 's illegal here, 210
 And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run 't:
 For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either, 215
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
 They may b' accomptable in all:

For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human pow'rs,
 That all that we determine here 225
 Commands obedience every where;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,
 It follows nothing binds so fast
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past : 230
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false;
 And there's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear? 235
 There's no believing till I hear:

For 'till they're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false,

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day, 240
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do 't upon the place;
 But as the castle is enchanted 245

By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray, 250
 I heard a formidable noise,
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch, and strip,
 I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin;
 Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth,

- But spar'd thy renegado back,
 Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake, 260
 Which now the Fates have order'd me,
 For penance and revenge, to slay,
 Unless thou presently make haste;
 Time is, time was: and there it ceas't.
 With which, tho' startled, I confess, 265
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention;
 And therefore snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load, 270
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good;
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast, 275
 As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing:
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
 I found the infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
 And gave their hellish rage a stop;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel,
 Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear; 290
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,

Div'd under water in a pound, 295
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him ; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-forcerer t' engage ; 300
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on, 305
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir ;
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich, 310
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
 Old houses in the night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of thievery or love ;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315
 All feats of witches counterfeit,
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass ;
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
 And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper ; 320
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
 Commit phantastical advoutry ;
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
 Stark staring mad with manicon ;
 Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
 Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ;
 And, sillier than the antic fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 To quack off universal cures ; 330

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With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass ;
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece ;
To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears ;
When leis delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks and took a turn.

I pitied the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones 345
Too great an honour for pultrones ;
For Knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilest addressees : 350
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
About the witch with many a question.

Quoth he, For many years he drove 355
A kind of broken trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and trust,
Of feeble speculative lust ;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke ;
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit, 365
For any mystical exploit,

As others of his tribe had done,
 And rais'd their prices three to one ;
 For one predicting pimp has th' odds
 Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
 But as an elf (the devil's valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get,
 For those that do his business best,
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest ;
 Before so meriting a person 375
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
 I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
 As soon as from the body loost, 380
 Becomes a puiney imp itself,
 And is another's witch's elf.
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargained beforehand, 385
 And, after hanging, entertain'd :
 Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats ;
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
 Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes, 390
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
 Or Pharaoh's wizards, cou'd their switches ;
 And all with whom he 'as had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too ;
 Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd, 395
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on beans and pease
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for deserts, 400
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.

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Beside—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady stopt his full career, 405
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half those things (said she) be true,
(They 're all, (quoth he) I swear by you)
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell, 410
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I'm sure) at most,
Who told me all you swear and say, 415
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps
To be your match-makers and pimps, 420
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpris'd him meanly unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound; 430
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had, 435
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,

And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th' ablest artists of the trade ; 440
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost,
 And altogether might amount
 To many hundreds on account ;
 For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant 445
 To seize the malefactors errant,
 Without capacity of bail,
 But of a cart's or horse's tail ;
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches
 To serve for pendulums to watches, 450
 Which, modern virtuosi say,
 Incline to hanging every way.
 Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That ere he went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover 455
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
 And found it clear that, to betray
 Yourself and me, you fled this way,
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout. 460
 He, now'd he had intelligence
 Of all that pass'd before and since,
 And found that, ere you came to him,
 Y^e had been engaging life and limb
 About a case of tender conscience, 465
 Where both abounded in your own sense,
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 Whatever's by the Wicked done, 470
 For which most basely to requite
 The service of his gifts and light,
 You strove to oblige him by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of your's,

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But that he stood upon his guard, 475
And all your vapouring outdar'd ;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white ; 480
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do ;
Held up his affidavit-hand, 485
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd ;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :

Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you, 490
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the heavens fail, and cover 495
These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, (quoth she)
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits ; 500
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then, (quoth he) may hell surprise. 505
That trick (said she) will not pass twice :
I've learn'd how far I 'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve ;
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing ;

For if you have perform'd the feat, 511
 The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the action :
 And if you can produce those knobs, 515
 Altho' they 're but the witch's drubs,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your nat'ral self had done 't ;
 Provided that they pass th' opinion
 Of able juries of old women, 520
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million,
 To do is less than to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my power, 525
 T' obey what you command, and more ;
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you as much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care,
 To keep my wounds from taking air ; 530
 For wounds in those that are all heart,
 Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battels ;
 For still the longer we contend, 535
 We are but farther off the end ;
 But granting now we should agree,
 What is it you expect from me ?
 Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
 You pass'd in heaven on record, 540
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
 Are everlastingly enroll'd ;
 And if 'tis counted treason here
 To raze records, tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driven, 545
 Nor marriages clapt up in heaven,

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And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages ;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease ; 550
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve ;
Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd ;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away ; 560
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tye,
That binds the female and the male,
Where the one is but the other's bail ;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, 565
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way, 570
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd ;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade ;
(For what's infer'd by t' have and t' hold, 575
But something past away, and sold ?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low,
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and the other part, 580
That on the marriage day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bett is laid ;

And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of purse :
 For when upon their ungot heirs 585
 They' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
 Or wager laid at six and seven ?
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their children's tenants ere they're born ? 590
 Beg one another idiot
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
 Who 's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Tho' got b' implicit generation, 595
 And gen'ral club of all the nation ;
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island, with four seas ;
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power, 600
 And makes him pass away, to have
 An old, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery in tilling ;
 While all he does upon the by, 605
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large.
 Such hideous fots were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent, 610
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd :
 A law that most unjustly yokes 615
 All Johns of Stiles to Jeans of Noakes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality ;

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Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration, 620
Nor writ of Error, nor reverse
Of judgment pass'd for better or worse ;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces, 626
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free ;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself t' apply ;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose, 635
They'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art :
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead ; 640
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done ; 650
And therefore tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Take strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's revert,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,

That after burns with cold as much 655
 As iron in Greenland does the touch ;
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover : 660
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery,
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while 665
 They're in the very act, recoil :
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a sep'rate maintenance ;
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again till they've made over ; 670
 Or if they do, before they marry,
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to fize themselves and them.
 Whence wittiest ladies always chuse 675
 To undertake the heaviest goose :
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
 The cross and pile for better or worse ; 680
 A mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable :
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body two unite 685
 To make up one hermaphrodite,
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
 They've more punctilio's and capriches
 Between the petticoat and breeches, 690

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More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances ;
Tho' when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames ;
For then their late attracts decline, 695
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow manteaus of the bride : 700
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove :
But all the mischief is, the doubt 705
On whose account they first broke out.
For tho' Chineses go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more, 710
Our green-men do it worse, when they' hap
To fall in labour of a clap ;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness being all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're sound, 720
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares ;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art :
For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725
At women by appearances,

That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces ; 730
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
 And mother-wits before their gallants ;
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose ;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentileesses ;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government, from th' easy owner ; 740
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
 The conjugal petard, that tears 745
 Down all portcullices of ears,
 And makes the volly of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males, 750
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes ;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
 Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink
 Do rather wheedle with than think. 760
 Man was not man in Paradise,
 Until he was created twice,

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And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects, 765
And perfect his recruiting sex ;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears. 770
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side 775
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heavenly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming graces
Are all made up of two half faces,
That, in a mathematic line, 785
Like those in other heavens, join :
Of which, if either grew alone,
'T would fright as much to look upon :
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship. 790
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd :
But those that serve the body' alone 795
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit ;

And so are all the works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter : 800
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How entirely marriage is her care,
 The only method that she uses 805
 In all the wonders she produces ;
 And those that take their rules from her
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err :
 For what secures the civil life,
 But pawns of children, and a wife ? 810
 That lie, like hostages, at stake
 To pay for all men undertake ;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry ;
 So universal, all mankind 815
 In nothing else is of one mind :
 For in what stupid age or nation
 Was marriage ever out of fashion ;
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns, 820
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously would have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common ;
 Tho' men would find such mortal feuds 825
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives,
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths ; 830
 For simple wearing of their horns
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ?

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Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements ;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be prefer'd but by their heirs ?
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns ?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state ?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm ?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage ?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the int'rests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence ;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And some-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss ;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
But for the diff'rence marriage makes
Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes :
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth,

A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield,
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon heaven at the door:
 And if th' indulgent law allows
 A greater freedom to the spouse, 875
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life;
 Is trusted with the form and matter
 Of all mankind, by careful Nature, 880
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of;
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly,
 And make it save her the same way 885
 It seldom misses to betray,
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the Liturgy indenture.
 And tho' some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best, 890
 That is no more than ev'ry lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
 For as, in running, ev'ry pace 895
 Is but between two legs a race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before and win the post,
 Yet when they 're at their race's ends,
 They 're still as kind and constant friends, 900
 And, to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease;
 So all those false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove 905
 To be but new recruits of love,

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When those who 're always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are the loudest clamours more
 Than as they 're relish'd sweet or sour; 910
 Like music, that proves bad or good,
 According as 'tis understood,
 In all amours a lover burns
 With frowns as well as smiles, by turns;
 And hearts have been as oft with fullen 915
 As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:
 Then why should more bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour:
 For discords make the sweetest airs,
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs; 920
 Two slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd:
 For nothing else has power to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual;
 An act and deed that makes one heart 925
 Become another's counter-part,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Enroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose. 930
 And what security's too strong
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has,
 And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
 This world, for the heav'n of a lover?
 I grant (quoth she) there are some few
 Who take that course and find it true,
 But millions whom the same does sentence
 To heav'n b' another way, repentance. 940
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers,

And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events
 Than gamesters when they play a set 945
 With greatest cunning at Piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they 're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves?
 And if they use their persons so, 955
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke, 960
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flim that's superseded:
 To that their faith is still made good, 965
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd:
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 We 've nothing left we can call ours:
 Our money 's now become the Miss
 Of all your lives and services, 970
 And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975
 (As we had been) for new amours.
 For what did ever heiress yet,
 By being born to lordships, get?

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When, the more lady she 's of manors,
She 's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace 985
To be their gully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits; 990
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds:
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits 995
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure and tuition; 1000
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purpotes, 1005
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Belle and L'Ombre wood,
And play for love and money too;
Serve who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan; 1010
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a vizard-head;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new garters;

And solidly discourse upon 1015
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con* :
 For there 's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made ;
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020
 And no way possible to do 't
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd past amours ;
 A& o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain ;
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins ;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord ! what an amorous thing is want !
 How debts and mortgages inchant !
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from executions save !
 What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent !
 What magical attracts, and graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire facias* ?
 From bond and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge ! 1040
 These are the highest excellences
 Of all your true or false pretences ;
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
 And find her fitter for your turn
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn :
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050

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And like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
The blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they'd been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage thro' his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
Bet in a fury to fly at 'em; 1070
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, 1075
Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel: 1080

V. 1053, 1054] Two days were but yet passed
since the beginning of these adventures; we are now
entering into the night wherein happened the most
remarkable action in the whole Poem.

Women, you know, do seldom fail
 To make the stoutest men turn tail,
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
 Upon the desperateſt attacks.
 At this the Knight grew reſolute 108;
 As Ironſide or Hardiknute;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to ſally;
 But ſhe beſought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way, 109.
 And lodge in ambuſh on the floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a door,
 That, if the enemy ſhould enter,
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean while they knock'd againſt the door 109;
 As fierce as at the gate before;
 Which made the renegado Knight
 Relapſe again to his former fright.
 He thought it deſperate to ſtay
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way, 110.
 But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
 The Lady for a freſh reſerve.
 His duty was not to diſpute,
 But what ſhe 'ad order'd execute;
 Which he reſolv'd in haſte to obey, 110;
 And therefore ſtoutly march'd away,
 And all in encounter'd fell upon,
 Tho' in the dark, and all alone;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 111.
 Had drawn him up before a paſs
 To ſtand upon his guard, and face:
 This he courageouſly invaded,
 And having entered, barricadoed;
 Inſconced himſelf as formidable 111;
 As could be underneath a table,

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Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
And, after entering, Sidrophel 1125
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgar, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance; 1130
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress:
And as another of the same
Degree and party in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears,
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter: 1150
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid:

For when a man is past his sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155
 Or laying on of heavy blows,
 And if that will not do the deed,
 To burning with hot irons proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself,
 But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160
 Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B' our friend, thy evil genius,
 Who for thy horrid perjuries, 1165
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The Brethren's privilege (against
 The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
 For just revenge and punishment, 1170
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open, free confession;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175
 And filch the Lady's heart away?
 To spirit her to matrimony?—
 That which contracts all matches, money.
 It was the enchantment of her riches,
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches; 1180
 That in return would pay th' expence,
 The wear and tear of conscience,
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true. 1185
 No more (quoth he) than I love you. [ney?

How wouldst thou 'ave us'd her and her mo-
 First turn'd her up to alimony,

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And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195
T' employ their forceries about ?
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us ? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won, 1205
But when they are impos'd upon ;
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and wooe.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise ? 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers :
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing ail we do or say ;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving 'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in ;

In which all Churches are concern'd, 1225
 And is the easiest to be learn'd :
 For no degrees, unless they' employ it,
 Can never gain much, or enjoy it:
 A gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the rabble, 1230
 But by the laws impower'd to rout,
 And awe the greatest that stand out;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip, and come too near;
 For no sin else, among the Saints, 1235
 Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—
 That which makes others break a house,
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before
 Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
 Than all our doating politicks
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your new Reformation:
 That we must come to school to you, 1245
 To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an errant chouse,
 If y' were but at a Meeting-house. 1250

'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
 Because w^e have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
 What wondrous things they will engage in;
 That as your fellow fiends in hell 1255
 Were angels all before they fell,
 So are you like to be agen,
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
 Thy scholar in this mystery; 1260

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And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us ?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265
And murther, godliness ?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience !—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical 'st plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others ?—To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience ?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
A good old Cause ?—Administerings,

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?
About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again ?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty ?—Food and cloaths.

What laws and freedom, persecution ?—
Being out of power, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves ? 1285
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox ?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time ; 1290

Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked, too, cry out against ?—

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin ;

And therefore no true Saint allows 1295
They shall be suffer'd to espouse ;

For Saints can need no conscience,
 That with morality dispense ;
 As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
 In nature only, and not imputed ; 1300
 But why the Wicked should do so,
 We neither know, nor care to d.

What's liberty of conscience,
 I' th' natural and genuine sense ?—
 'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305
 Rebellion to its ancient purity ;
 And Christian liberty reduce
 To th' elder practice of the Jews ;
 For a large conscience is all one,
 And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones :
 Nick M. chiavel had ne'er a trick
 (Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick)
 But was below the least of these, 1315
 That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the Furies and the light
 In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,
 And left him in the dark alone,
 With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command
 Rules all the sea, and half the land,
 And over moist and crazy brains,
 In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
 Was now declining to the west, 1325
 To go to bed and take her rest ;
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
 Lay still, expecting worse and more,
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ; 1330
 And tho' he shut his eyes as fast
 As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,

Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears to heark 1335
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch, 1340
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat:
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind, 1350
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit 1355
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt; 1360
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on:

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks, 1365
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory:

(Thought he, this-devil's full of malice,
 That on my late disasters rallies) 1370
 Condemn'd to whipping but declin'd it,
 By being more heroic-minded ;
 And at a riding handled worse,
 With treats more slovenly and coarse ;
 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
 And hot disputes with conjurors ;
 And when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
 Would fain steal me, too, from myself, 1380
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done)
 And now but vent'ring to betray,
 Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know 1385
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ;
 His office of intelligence,
 His oracles are ceas'd long since ;
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,
 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints. 1390
 This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the second hand,
 And now would pass for Spirit Po, 1395
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
 I think I need not fear him for 't ;
 These rallying devils do no hurt.
 With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
 And hastily cry'd out, What art ? 1400
 A wretch, (quoth he) whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight ;
 Thus far I'm sure thou 'rt in the right :

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And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405

Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

Thou art some paltry, black-guard spright,

Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;

Thou hast no work to do in th' house,

Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes; 1410

Without the raising of which sum

You dare not be so troublesome

To pinch the flatterns black and blue,

For leaving you the work to do.

This is your business, good Pug-Robin, 1415

And your diversion dull dry bobbing,

T' entice fanatics in the dirt,

And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't;

Of which conceit you are so proud,

At every jest you laugh aloud, 1420

As now you would have done by me,

But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) ye 're no such sopher

As you would have the world judge of ye.

If you design to weigh our talents . 1425

I' th' standard of your own false balance,

Or think it possible to know

Us ghosts, as well as we do you,

We who have been the everlasting

Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430

And never left you in contest

With male or female, man or beast,

But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,

In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435

By th' idlest pug of all your crew:

For none could have betray'd us worse

Than those allies of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a token

To your low country Hogen-Mogen, 1440

To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope :
 And if ye 'ave been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true 1445

What th' ill-affected say of you :
 Ye 'ave 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
 We made, and took the Covenant : 1450

But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other perjuries do the laws,
 Which when they're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillo's for 't :
 And that's the reason Covenanters 1455
 Hold up their heads, like rogues at bars.

I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence
 These scandals of the Saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects', 1460
 Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465
 Or both the other put together :

For all the Independents do,
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;
 You, who are not content alone
 With tricks to put the devil down, 1470
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The Gospel work you undertake ;

As if artillery and edge-tools
 Were th' only engines to save souls :
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475
 By force to run down and devour ;

Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
To flocks, or poundage of repentance ;
Is ty'd up only to design,
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine : 1480
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done 1485
Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself ;
And therefore where he's best possess'd,
Acts most against his interest ; 1490
Surprises none but those who 'ave priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition ;
With crosses, relicks, crucifixes, 1495
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;
The tools of working our salvation
By meer mechanic operation :
With holy water, like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues : 1500
But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Altho' his falsest enemies ;
But is content to be their drudge, 1505
And on their errands glad to trudge :
For where are all your forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up souls ? 1510
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
T' your *mittimus anathemas*,

And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairer justice, 1515
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular powers,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice: 1520
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525
 State-prudence to cajole the devil,
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, (quoth he) that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530
 That, as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
 Or, frightened with our oratory, 1535
 To leap down headlong many a story;
 Have us'd all means to propagate
 Your mighty interests of state,
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
 Your great designs of rage and murder: 1540
 For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
 We 'ave only made that title good;
 And, if it were but in our power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a soul behind 1545
 Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

Right, (quoth the Voice) and, as I scorn
 To be ungrateful, in return

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Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress, 155
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone :
And if I leave you here till day, 1555
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels ;
But fear, that soonest cures those sores, 1565
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge : 1570
The spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall ;
Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders, 1580
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow-cattle out ;
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,

Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night, too, steal away; 1590
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap, 1595
 On which he speedily leap'd up;
 And, turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast, 1600
 And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
 Or padders to secure, a neck:
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,
 And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
 To hold forth their declining state, 1605
 Which now come near an even rate.

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H U D I B R A S.

1590
IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

1595
THE ARGUMENT.

1600
*The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace :
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm :
Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

1605
THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,

This Canto is intirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho : neither of our heroes make their appearance. The poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to stigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them,

From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5
 Of vermin did at first proceed.
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various rout
 Of petulant capricious sects,
 The maggots of corrupted texts, 10
 That first run all religion down,
 And after every swarm its own :
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15
 That empire any other way ;
 So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard :
 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25
 But only by the ears engag'd ;
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
 And play together when they've none ;
 As by their truest characters,
 Their constant actions, plainly' appears. 30
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
 And Providence to be out of season :
 For now there was no more to purchase 35
 O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;
 Which forc'd the stubborn' st for the Cause,
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40

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5 That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd ;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry ;
10 For Presbyter and Independent 45
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant ;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions ;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On outlawries and *Scire facias* ; 50
15 At Michael's term 'had many trial,
Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
20 They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest 60
25 To pay their money, and, instead
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares 65
30 Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence ; 70
35 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no title to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun 75
40 With law and conscience to fall on,

And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanwick ;
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old, 80
 That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all unsanctified Trustees ;
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow ;
 Or, both sides having had the worst, 85
 They parted as they met at first.
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
 Turn'd out an excommunicate
 From all affairs of Church and State, 90
 Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up teach down,
 And make those uses serve again 95
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic ; 100
 And, with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
 The Good old Cause, which some believe
 To be the devil that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105
 The world to mischief with New Light,
 Had store of money in her purse,
 When he took her for better or worse,
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,
 And fit to be turn'd out of door.

The Independents (whose first station
 Was in the rear of Reformation,

V. 78] W. Prynne, a voluminous writer.

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V. 118

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A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
 And in the saddle of one steed 115
 The Saracen and Christian rid;
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
 No sooner got the start, to lurch
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120
 And Providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of them down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.

For now there was no foe in arms
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,
 Who 'ad compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State, 135
 And all things but their laws and hate;
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all they 'ad ransackt,
 To botch up what they 'ad tore and rent,
 Religion and the Government, 140

V. 118.] The officers and soldiers among the In-
 dependents got into pulpits, and preached and pray-
 ed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed
 for a preacher, and has a sermon in print, entitled
 Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious
 Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's-
 Inn fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1.

They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
 For knaves and fools being near of kin, 145
 As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,
 Both parties join'd to do their best
 To damn the public interest,
 And herded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts;
 T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers, 150
 At all their dialects of jabberers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.
 For as two cheats, that play one game, 155
 Are both defeated of their aim;
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
 The public business is undone, 160
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165
 So dearly for the Church and Crown)
 They' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided:
 For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down, 170
 Their duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
 For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game;
 True as the dial to the sun, 175
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon.

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But when these Brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to shew them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinancy' unmatched,
For new recruits of danger watch'd;
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started;
And as if Nature, too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were suppress;
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,
From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loyalty in possession;

And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215

Did Oliver give up his reign,

And was believ'd, as well by Saints

As mortal men and miscreants,

To founder in the Stygian ferry,

Until he was retriev'd by Sterry, 220

Who, in a false erroneous dream,

Mistook the New Jerusalem

Profane'y for th' apocryphal

False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;

Whither it was decreed by Fate 225

His precious reliques to translate :

So Romulus was seen before

By as orthodox a senator,

From whose divine illumination

He stole the Pagan revelation. 230

Next him his son and heir apparent

Succeeded, tho' a lame vicegerent,

Who first laid by the Parliament,

The only crutch on which he leant,

And then sunk underneath the state, 235

That rode him above horseman's weight.

V. 215. 216.] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

V. 221.] After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of Heaven.

V. 231, 232.] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed

And now the Saints began their reign,
 For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,
 To see an empire all of kings, 40
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government, and law,
 And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
 To edify upon the ruins 245
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
 Who for a weather-cock hung up
 Upon their mother-church's top,
 Was made a type by Providence,
 Of all their revelations since, 250
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures :
 For when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle ;
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255
 From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd,
 While ev'ry individual Brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most crackt,
 Were found the busiest to transact ; 260
 For tho' most hands dispatch apace
 And make light work (the proverb says)

Lord Protector, and received the compliments of
 congratulation and condolence, at the same time,
 from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen ; and
 addressees were presented to him from all parts of
 the nation, promising to stand by him with their
 lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to
 meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord
 Protector ; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desbo-
 rough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that
 he was obliged to resign.

Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects ;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus : others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert ; 270
Some for the Rump ; and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety ;
Some for the Gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence 275
Oaths of supremacy and allegiance ;
Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant :
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280

V. 269, 270. Others tamper'd—For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert.] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general, and married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter ; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house : his salary supposed to be 6600*l.* a year.—Desborough a yeoman of 60 or 70*l.* per annum ; some say a plowman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, " When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha ! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others."—Desborough married Cromwell's sister ; cast away his spade and took up a sword, and was made a Colonel ; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship ; upon which he was made one of his Council, a General at sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west ; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was 3236*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

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That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods :
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' Excise ;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage :
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves ;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slavery of Obedience : 290
Some were for Gospel-ministers,
And some for Redcoat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold-forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other sword :
Some were for carrying on the Work 295
Against the Pope, and some the 'Turk ;
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ; 300
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Gospel-light :
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' un sanctify'd bridegroom 305
Is marry'd only to a thumb,
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still : 310
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of Linsey-woolsey in the nation ;
And some against all idolising
The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising :
Others to make all things recant 315
The Christian or surname of Saint,

And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce:
 Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
 And bringing down the price of Coals: 320
 Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them roots and branches,
 While others were for eating Haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then, 325
 The Flesh of kings and mighty men;
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With rods of iron by secret ones;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells; 330
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the Wicked sore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who sate
 At the unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion 335
 Of fatal madness and delusion
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law; 340
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all they 'ad scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345
 Nor what to give but what to take;

V. 323.] Such was the spirit of the times. There
 was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front
 of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the
 fire of the enemy.

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To feel the pulses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries;
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover—gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician
 With more heads than a beast in vision,
 And more intrigues in every one
 Than all the Whores of Babylon;
 So politic, as if one eye 355

Upon the other were a spy,
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink;
 And in his dark pragmatic way
 As busy as a child at play. 360

He 'ad seen three governments run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;
 Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall:

For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365

He made his int'rest with the new one;

Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd:

For by the witchcraft of rebellion
 Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion, 370

By giving aim from side to side,

He never fail'd to save his tide,

But got the start of ev'ry state,

And, at a change, ne'er came too late;

Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375

As many ways as in a lath:

By turning wriggle, like a screw,

Int' highest truit, and out, for new:

For when he 'ad happily incur'd,

Instead of hemp, to be prefer'd, 380

[V. 351.] Sir Anthony-Ashley Cooper, who com-
 plied with every change in those times.

And pass'd upon a government,
 He play'd his trick, and out he went ;
 But being out, and out of hopes
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
 Would strive to raise himself upon 385
 The public ruin, and his own ;
 So little did he understand
 The desperate feats he took in hand,
 For when he 'ad got himself a name,
 For frauds and tricks he spoil'd his game ; 390
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 'To shew his play at fast and loose ;
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under ground ;
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400
 By all these arts and many more
 He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
 Our state-artificer foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw :
 For as old sinners have all points 405
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And, better than by Napier's bones,
 Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410
 So guilty sinners, in a state,
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a show'r of rain :
 He, therefore, wisely cast about 415
 All ways he could, t' insure his throat,

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And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took,
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest.

420

To match this Saint there was another,
 As busy and perverse a Brother
 An haberdasher of small ware;
 In Politics and state-affairs;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,
 And better gifted to rebel;

425

For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The Cause, aloft upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 But try'd another, and went further;
 So suddenly addicted still

430

To 's only principle, his will,
 That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 Nor force of argument could move,
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
 Could render half a grain less stubborn;

435

For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' harangue;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle:
 In which his parts were so accomplisht,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease;

440

V. 421.] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines; for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn."

And, with its everlasting clack, 445
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picqueer,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy; 450
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing;
 With vollies of eternal babble,
 And clamour, more unanswerable.
 For tho' his topics, frail and weak, 455
 Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults,
 And back'd their feeble want of sense
 With greater heat and confidence; 460
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated;
 For nothing but his interest 465
 Could lay his devil of contest:
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body, worshipp'd it: 470
 But when he found the sullen trapes
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish tricks;
 Tho' squeamish in her outward woman, 475
 As looie and rampant as Dol Common;
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obtinater,
 And still the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer: 480

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For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' alloy :
And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

These two, with others, being met, 485

And close in consultation set,
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,

The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state 490

Than with his own impatience

To give himself first audience,

After he had a while look'd wise,

At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt 495

Our last Outgoings brought about,

More than to see the characters

Of real jealousies and fears

Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,

Scor'd upon every Member's forehead ; 500

Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,

And threaten sudden change of weather,

Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,

And revolutions in their corns ;

And, since our Workings-out are crost, 505

Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.

Was it to run away we meant

When, taking of the Covenant,

The lamest cripples of the Brothers

Took oaths to run before all others, 510

But, in their own sense, only swore

To strive to run away before,

And now would prove, that words and oath

Engage us to renounce them both ?

'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch, 515

Between a right and mongrel-church ;

The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast,) 520
 When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd :
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone thro',
 And understand as well to tame 525
 As, when they serve our turns, t' enflame :
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child, 530
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us ;
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition ;
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535
 Became strong motives to devotion ;
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts and reform)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee ;
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 545
 Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.

V. 521]. Alluding to the impudence of those pretended saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers he should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called the *God-chal-
 lenger*.

And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need : 550
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down, 555
For pledges to secure our own ;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears :
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge :
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away ; 570
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together ;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs, 575
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier ;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet, 580
If we had courage left, or wit,

Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course,
 Have time to rally, and prepare 585
 Our last and best defence, despair :
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd : 590
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd :
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we should be, men ;
 And not so dully desperate, 595
 To side against ourselves with Fate :
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
 And setting up exauns of Saints, 600
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficase :
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks for independent,
 To hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 605
 Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state :
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
 And since obedience is better 610
 (The scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on 't will suffice ;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st hints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals ;

V. 600.] This should be written *exemts*, or *exemptis*
 — a French word pronounced *exaungs*.

But left at large to make their best on,
 Without being call'd t' account or question :
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells ; 620
 And bid themselves turn back again
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 625
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions ;
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
 Like charity, on those that want ;
 And learn'd the apocryphal bigots 595
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes, 630
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders :
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way ?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
 But from our Calamies and Cases ?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
 Their Dispensations had been stifled, 605
 But for our Adoniram Byfield ; 640
 And, had they not begun the war,
 They 'ad ne'er been fainter as they are :
 For Saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate ;

V. 636.] Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

V. 640. *Adoniram Byfield.*] A broken apothecary, a zealous Covenantant, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines ; and, no doubt for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the Directory, the copy whereof was sold for 400l. though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege:
 And tho' they 've tricks to cast their fins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
 That in a while grow out again,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And, from the most refin'd of Saints,
 As nat'rally grow miscreants
 As barnacles turn soland geese 655
 In th' islands of the Orcades.
 Their Dispensation's but a ticket
 For their conforming to the Wicked,
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew, than sense: 660
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well;
 And if the world has any troth, 665
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the overheated sots
 In fever still, like other goats; 670
 For tho' the Whore bends hereticks
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter they 're they grow the stiffer;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods 675
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
 For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
 And Independents to profess
 The doctrine of Dependences; 680

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Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloodybones ;
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood, 690
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one groat's-worth of applause ;
For, tho' endur'd with resolution, 695
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves ?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;
When savage bears agree with bears, 705
Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both ?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710
And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take ?
But tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes 715
The fear of gallowses and ropes,

Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while,
 At least until they 'ad a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage, 720
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understand their Workings-out,
 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience, 725
 Given up t' as reprobate a nonsense
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.

We whom at first they set-up under
 In revelation only' of p'lunder, 730

Who since have had so many trials
 Of their encroaching self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform, and undermine;
 Took all our interests and commands 735
 Perfidiously, out of our hands ;

Invol'v'd us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger sons of Father Belial : 740

And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
 They 'ad done us, and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun ;
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 745

And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,
 To find us pill'ries and cart's-tails, 750
 Or hangman's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;

That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new
 720 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
 Held for the Cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held. 760
 And tho' we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same;
 And till they first began to cant,
 730 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy, 770
 735 Altho' 'twas our and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon:
 And yet for all this Gospel-union,
 And outward shew of Church-communion,
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
 740 Of ruling church or state affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance,
 But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down, 780
 And forc'd us, tho' against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again;
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way, 785
 750 We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
 Who, for the right we 've done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,

And put our vessels in a way,
 Once more to come again in play : 790
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring-in the King,
 What would our actions not have done, 795
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on the affair :
 But whether that be so or not,
 We've done enough to have it thought, 800
 And that 's as good as if we 'ad done 't,
 And easier pass'd upon account :
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is nat'rally averse 805
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony ;
 And tho' it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810
 As women long, when they 're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild ;
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controll'd.
 And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820
 For as relapses make diseases
 More desp'rate than their first accesses,
 If we but get again in power,
 Our work is easier than before,

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And we more ready and expert 825
 I th' mystery, to do our part :
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create than make ;
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on ; 830
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own :
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we, now we 're better vers'd ?
 Who have a freer latitude, 835
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ;
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our Discipline ;
 To which it was reveal'd long since
 We were ordain'd by Providence, 840
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
 The Cause's primitive confessors,
 Being crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiply'd by Six, exprest 845
 The perfect number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the men
 To bring this work about again ;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough Reformation : 850
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone ?
 What Churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters ?
 Possess'd with absolute dominions 855
 O'er Brethren's purses and opinions ?

V. 841.] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, at the beginning of the horrid Rebellion,

And trusted with the double keys
 Of heav'n, and their warehouses ;
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 260
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
 To be dispos'd at their commands ;
 And daily increase and multiply
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury :
 Can fetch in parties, (as, in war, 265
 All other heads of cattle are)
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down
 To all blue aprons in the Town : 270
 From ladies hurried in calleches,
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All guts and belly, like a crab.
 Our party's great, and better ty'd 275
 With oaths, and trade, than any side ;
 Has one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the Covenant ;
 I mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 280
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions ;
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 285
 When new Outgoings give occasion ;
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert ;
 And, when they 've pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient : 290
 Who can already muster friends
 To serve for members to our ends,

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That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's folly congregation ;
 Are only tools to our intrigues , 895
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs ;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outfit,
 Can order matters under hand,
 To put all business to a stand ; 900
 Lay public bills aside, for private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary ;
 And make the nation represent, 905
 And serve for us in Parliament ;
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none,
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910
 Can set up grandee against grandee,
 To squander time away, and bandy ;
 Make Lords and Commons lay sieges
 To one another's privileges ;
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope
 And consolation of our hope ;
 Who, tho' we do not play the game,
 Assist us much by giving aim ; 920

V. 909.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House
 of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered
 the King, becoming then but the Rump, or sag-end
 of a house, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell ;
 restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved
 themselves at General Monk's command.

Can introduce our ancient arts,
 For heads of factions t' act their parts;
 Know what a leading voice is worth,
 A seconding, a third, a fourth;
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925
 That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*;
 And, by adjusting all at the end,
 Share every one his dividend:
 An art that so much study cost,
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930
 Unless our antient virtuoso's,
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook,
 And practis'd down from Forty-four, 935
 Until they turn'd us out of door.
 Besides, the herds of Bouteefeus
 We set on work without the House,
 When every knight and citizen
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940
 To bring them in intelligence,
 From all points of the rabble's sense,
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses
 With politic important buzzes;
 Set up committees of cabals 945
 To pack designs without the walls;
 Examine and draw up all news,
 And fit it to our present use;
 Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
 And every one his part rehearse; 950

V. 934.] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two
 judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the
 case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Ex-
 chequer; which occasioned the wags to say, that the
 King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*.

Make Q's of answers, to waylay
 What th' other parties like to say;
 What repartees and smart reflections
 Shall be return'd to all objections;
 25 And who shall break the master-jest, 955
 And what, and how, upon the rest:
 Help pamphlets out with safe editions,
 Of proper slanders and seditions,
 And treason for a token send,
 30 By letter, to a country friend; 960
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit
 That men, like burglary, commit,
 With falser than a padder's face,
 That all its owner does betrays,
 35 Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965
 He's in his calling to be seen;
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,
 To bring new weeds of discord forth;
 Be sure to keep up congregations,
 40 In spite of laws and proclamations: 970
 For charlatans can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a crowd;
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt
 Is but to fare the better for 't;
 45 As long as confessors are sure 975
 Of double pay for all th' endure,
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
 50 In powd'ring tubs their richest trade; 980
 And, while they kept their shops in prison,
 Have found their price's strangely risen;
 Disdain to own the least regret
 For all the christian blood we've let;
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
 Our title to do so again;

That needs not cost one dram of sense,
 But pertinacious impudence.
 Our constancy to our principles,
 In time, will wear out all things else; 990
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995
 Before from world to world they swung,
 As they had turn'd from side to side;
 And as the changelings liv'd they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient Statesmonger
 Could now contain himself no longer, 1000
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
 Against the haranguer's politics.
 With smart remarks of leering faces,
 And annotations of grimaces,
 After he had administer'd a dose 1005
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
 And powder'd the inside of his skull,
 Instead of th' outward jobbernot,
 He shook it with a scornful look
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke: 1010

In dressing a calf's head, altho'
 The tongue and brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near;
 For who did ever play his gambols 1015
 With such insufferable rumbles,
 To make the bringing in the King
 And keeping of him out one thing?
 Which none could do, but those that swore
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore; 1020
 That to defend was to invade,
 And to assassinate to aid;

Unless, because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a doubt)
 No pow'r is able to restore 1025
 And bring him in, but on your score:
 A spiritual doctrine that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses.
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made; 1030
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore
 And heal the hurts they gave before:
 But whether Presbyterians have
 So much good-nature as the salve,
 Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
 Those who have try'd them can determine.
 Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
 Th' arrears of all your services,
 And, for th' eternal obligation
 Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just reward
 For letting rapine loose and murder,
 To rage just so far but no further,
 And setting all the land on fire 1045
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;
 For vent'ring to assassinate
 And cut the throats of Church and State,
 And not be allow'd the fittest men
 To take the charge of both again: 1050
 Especially that have the grace
 Of self-denying gifted face;
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
 On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055
 And sprinkled in at second-hand;
 As we have been, to share the guilt
 Of Christian blood devoutly spilt;

For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
 And win your necks upon the set,
 As well as ours, who did but bet,
 (For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
 And nick'd them on the self-same score)
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y^e had lost as at foul play,
 And brought you down to rook and lie,
 And fancy only on the bye ; 1070
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles
 From perching upon lofty poles,
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up, like alligators :
 For which ingeniously ye 've shew'd 1075
 Your Presbyterian gratitude ;
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 Those were your motives to divide,
 And scruple, on the other side, 1080
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse ;
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again ;
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies ;
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls
 Are but apocryphal and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all your native insolences, 1090
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels ;

V. 1065.] Alluding to Mr. Prynne's case, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

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Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for precedent;
 T' amend its errors and defects,
 With murder and rebellion texts;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon;
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 To mix them in the Alcoran;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones,
 And gifted mortifying groans;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightsbridge with illumination;
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford,
 While women great with child miscarry'd,
 For being to Malignants marry'd:
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle;

V. 1112 *Or Lunsford.*] It was customary for the Male-contents in the Civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular, they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action.

Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures :
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
 Inchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125
 T' obey and follow your commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcly-hill had done of old ;
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The Gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricateſt places ;
 Could catechiſe a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox ;
 Until the Cauſe became a Damon, 1135
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon :
 And yet, in ſpite of all your charms
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raiſe more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to caſt out, 1140
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools
 Bred up (you ſay) in your own ſchools,
 Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit ;
 By whom you 've been ſo oft trepann'd, 1145
 And held forth out of all command ;
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on :
 Of all your Diſpenſations worm'd ;
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd ; 1150
 Ejected out of Church and State,
 And all things but the people's hate ;
 And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,

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By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
 Like better bowlers, in your places :
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution :
 And tho' most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd ; 1160
 And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuff'd Treason, nor misprision :
 That is, because you never durst ;
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas ! you were no longer able 1165
 To raise your posse of the rabble :
 One single redcoat sentinel
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
 And with his squirt-fire could disperse
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your powers,
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of Outgoings,
 Or to your ordering Providence, 1175
 One farthing's-worth of consequence.
 For had you power to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means ;
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out :
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ;
 To advance the int'rests of the Crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own.
 'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190

To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
 And sanctify'd impertinence,
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out ;
 To reformato, one and all,
 T' your great Croysado General : 1200
 Your greedy slaving to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r ;
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before ye 'ad time to draw the net :
 Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures :
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 By under-churches in the Town ; 1210
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths :
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you,
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.
 And this way you may claim a share
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From taskmasters and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
 In any indifferent man's conceit :

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For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation?
 That is, the King's and Church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands :

1230

For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ;
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?

As by a world of hints appears,

1235

All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you shou'd deny 't,
 Where Henderson, and the other Masses,
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases :

1240

To pass for deep and learned scholars,

Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers :

As if th' unseasonable fools

Had been a coursing in the schools,

Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author

1245

O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter :

For when they charg'd him with the guilt

Of all the blood that had been spilt,

They did not mean he wrought th' effusion

In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson,

1250

V. 1250. *Pride*.] *Pride* was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial ; which great change was called Colonel *Pride's Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord *Pride*, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted, for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword.

But only those who first begun
 The quarrel were by him set on;
 And who could those be but the Saints,
 Those Reformation termagants?
 But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
 Spent so much time it grew too late;
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 T' inclose him with his warriors round;
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260
 Nor had the Uxbridge business less
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
 The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
 Your mighty senators took law, 1265
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270
 Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,
 Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You basely left them, and the Church 1275
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines.

Ib. Hughson.] Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; was knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

V. 1263.] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian.

This shews what utensils y' have been,
 To bring the King's concernments in; 1280
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you;
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay 1285
 With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art,
 Than those who duly act one part; 1290
 Or those who turn from side to side,
 More guilty than the wind and tide.
 All countries are a wise man's home,
 And so are governments to some,
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
 While others in old faiths and troths
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
 And nastier in an old opinion,
 Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the game goes;
 And, whether parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in: 1305
 While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
 Is more bewitching than the right,
 And, when the times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if we 'ave but sense
 To use the necessary means, 1310
 And not your usual stratagems
 On one another, lights, and dreams:
 To stand on terms as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give;

Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
 And dream of pulling churches down,
 Before we 're sure to prop our own;
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding, 1320
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accountred.
 I grant all courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again;
 The only way that 's left us now, 1325
 But all the difficulty 's how.
 'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only pow'r
 That all mankind falls down before;
 Money, that like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things; 1330
 And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way,
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well;
 Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1335
 One church and state will not suffice,
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages,
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.
 Nor is our money less our own
 Than 'twas before we laid it down; 1340
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon 't,
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What power can hinder us to win?
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
 In peace and war, and something more,
 And by th' unfortunate events
 Can mend our next experiments;
 For when we 're taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1350

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315 Who see but th' outsides of our seats,
 And not their secret springs and weights,
 And, while they 're busy at their ease,
 Can carry what designs we please ?
 How easy is 't to serve for agents, 1355
 320 To prosecute our old engagements ?
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,
 And prevent power from taking root ;
 Inflame them both with false alarms
 Of plots and parties taking arms ; 1360
 325 To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side ;
 Profess the passionat'st concerns
 For both their interests by turns,
 The only way t' improve our own, 1365
 330 By dealing faithfully with none,
 (As bowls run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together ; 1370
 335 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty :
 To reconcile our late Dissenters, 1375
 340 Our Brethren, tho' by other venters ;
 Unite them, and their different maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,
 And make them join again as close,
 As when they first began t' espouse ; 1380
 345 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State ;
 To join in marriage and commerce,
 And only' among themselves converse,
 And all that are not of their mind, 1385
 350 Make enemies to all mankind :

Take all religions in, and stickle
 From Concave down to Conventicle;
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 According to the light in being. 1390
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
 And spiritual misrule in one sense;
 But in another quite contrary,
 As dispensations chance to vary;
 And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
 All contradictions of the Spirit:
 Protect their emissaries, impower'd
 To preach Sedition and the Word;
 And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'ers for the Cause, 1400
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe
 From breaking, or maintaining law:
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
 Before the full tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 For sowing faction in and treason;
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches; 1410
 That when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 'They may be ready to restore
 Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
 Mean while be better arm'd to fence 1415
 Against revolts of Providence,
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For if success could make us Saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants; 1420
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425
 Before we have secur'd our necks.

But do our work as out of sight,
 As stars by day and suns by night ;
 All license of the people own,
 In opposition to the Crown ; 1430

And for the Crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide :
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind,
 Be sure to spare no public rapine, 1435
 On all emergencies that happen ;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant

Authority, as men in want ;
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade ; 1440
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.

For gain has wonderful effects, 1445
 T' improve the factory of sects ;
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;
 Whence turning of religion 's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade ; 1450

And though some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a course,
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce :
 For all religions flock together, 1455
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;
 To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.

Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a Church, as zeal; 1460
As persecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.

Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow;
For things in order are put out 1465
So easy, ease itself will do it;
But when the fear's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import, 1475
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust. 1480

But still be careful to cry down
All public actions though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid 'st detestation, 1485
And pity the distracted nation;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words and half in face:
(As Spaniards talk of dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,

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To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse. 1495

Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And strait another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500

Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And for awhile as out of breath,
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus begun his tale by fits :

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door, 1510

Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
'To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers ;
Knights, citizens, and burgeses— 1515

Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages ;

V. 1504.] We find, by Lilly, that the messenger
who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal
was Sir Martin Noell. Sir Martin tells his story
naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out
of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops
till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds flor-
idly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in
the Poem not to be disregarded.

V. 1505.] This is a very accurate description of
the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the
secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parlia-
ment.

Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive :

And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate:
For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
We're grill'd all at Temple-bar ;
Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state ; 1530
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready list'd under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535
And tinder-box, of all his fellows ;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive ;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again 1540
(For since the State has made a quint
Of Generals, he 's list'd in 't)

V. 1534.] This Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

V. 1540] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641--2 ; was governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

V. 1541, 1542.] The Rump growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig,

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This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie, his own way ;
 For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1545
 They've pick'd from dunghills herabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;
 And to the largest bonfire riding,
 They 've roasted Cook already, and Pride in ;
 On whom, in equipage and state, 1551
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
 And march in order, two and two,
 As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
 Like vermin in effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
 Set up by Popish engineers, 1555
 As by the crackers plainly' appears ; 1560
 For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the Church with powder ;
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier. 1540
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1565
 That have the charge of all her stores,

Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum,
 but denying a motion that Monk should be of that
 quorum : but, their authority not being then much
 regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk
 continued sole general notwithstanding.

1550.] The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor
 in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high
 treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea
 against him, in case he had submitted to the jurif-
 diction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded,
 that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He
 deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Since first they fail'd in their designs,
 To take in heav'n by springing mines,
 And with unanswerable barrels
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up in th' open streets,
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,
 More like to ruin and confound, 1575
 Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
 For symbols of State-mysteries,
 Tho' some suppose 'twas but to shew
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
 Are represented best by rumps.
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches
 In all their politic far-fetches,
 And from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us :
 For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
 T' express their antique Ptolomies,
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,
 Held forth authority and pow'r ; 1590
 Because these subtle animals
 Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
 And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well-order'd state,
 They thought all governments were best 1595
 By hieroglyphic rumps express.

For, as in bodies natural,
 The rump's the fundament of all,
 So in a common-wealth or realm,
 The government is call'd the Helm, 1600
 With which, like vessels under sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail ;

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The tail, which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with thro' sea and air,
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
 The same thing with the stern and compass.

This shews how perfectly the rump
 And commonwealth in Nature jump :
 For as a fly, that goes to bed,
 Rests with his tail above his head, 1610

So, in this mongrel state of ours,
 The rabble are the supreme powers,
 That hors'd us on their backs, to shew us
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615

Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
 P'th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
 No force in nature can do hurt to ;
 And therefore, at the last great day,
 All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetals proceed ;

From whence the learned sons of Art
O sacrum justly style that part :
 Then what can better represent 1625

Than this rump bone the Parliament,
 That after sev'ral rude ejections,
 And as prodigious resurrections,
 With new reversions of nine lives,
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives ? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd ;
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
 With which they other fires put out ;
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distrests, 1635
 And paltry, private wretchedness ;
 Worse than the devil to privation,
 Beyond all hopes of restoration ;

And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control.

1640

We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke,

Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;

Before the bluster of whose huff,

1645

All hats, as in a storm, flew off;

Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,

Down to the footman and valet:

Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,

And prayers, than the crowns of hats,

1650

Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,

For ruin's just as low as high;

Which might be suffer'd, were it all

The horror that attends our fall:

For some of us have scores more large

1655

Than heads and quarters can discharge;

And others, who, by restless scraping,

With public frauds, and private rapine,

Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,

Would gladly lay down all at last;

1660

And, to be but undone, entail

Their vessels on perpetual jail,

And bless the devil to let them farms

Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout

1665

Put all th' assembly to the rout,

Who now began t' outrun their fear,

As horses do, from those they bear;

But crowded on with so much haste,

Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast,

1670

V. 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed *in terrorem*.

And barricadoed it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippled piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
 Than have them grill'd on the embers ;
 Still pressing on with heavy packs
 Of one another on their backs,
 The van-guard could no longer bear
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,
 Were trampled sorely under foot ;
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
 As th' horrid cookery of the rabble ;
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
 As lesser pains are by the gout,
 Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
 Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted brow'r by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute;
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
'Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;

Our poet now resumes his principal subject: and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole poem.

As Rosicrucian virtuoso's 15
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;
 And, when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear,
 That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions, 20
 And, when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best ;
 Do things not contrary, alone,
 To th' course of Nature, but its own ;
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25
 And turn pultrons as valiant ;
 For men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little fear ;
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
 Will run away from death by dying ; 30
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the Furies, left *perduc*,
 And haunted with detachments, sent 35
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,
 When nothing but himself, and fear,
 Was both the imps and conjurer ; 40
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
 It follows in due form of poesie.
 Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
 We left our champion on his flight,
 At blindman's buff, to grope his way, 45
 In equal fear of night and day ;
 Who took his dark and desperate course,
 He knew no better than his horse ;
 And by an unknown devil led,
 (He knew as little whither) fled, 50

He never was in greater need,
 Nor less capacity of speed;
 Disabled, both in man and beast,
 To fly and run away, his best;
 To keep the enemy, and fear, 55
 From equal falling on his rear.
 And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd
 The further and the nearer side;
 (As seamen ride with all their force,
 And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60
 And, when the hackney fails more swift,
 Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
 So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste:
 For fear, tho' fleetier than the wind, 65
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But when the morn began t' appear,
 And shift t' another scene his fear,
 He found his new officious shade,
 That came so timely to his aid, 70
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
 For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
 The lady all he had t' unfold,
 But she convey'd him out of sight,
 To entertain the approaching Knight;
 And while he gave himself diversion,
 T' accommodate his beast and person, 80
 And put his beard into a posture
 At best advantage to accost her,
 She order'd th' antimasquerade
 (For his reception) aforesaid:
 For when the ceremony was done, 85
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,

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And Hudibras, among the rest,
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho gueis'd,
 The wretched caitiff, all alone,
 (As he believ'd) began to moan, 90
 And tell his story to himself,
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at Ralpho's outward man,
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95
 T' appear in one another's stead,
 And act the saint's and devil's part,
 With undistinguishable art,
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 And put on one another's shapes; 100
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him and cry'd out,
 What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
 That took his place and shape to-night?
 Some busy Independent pug, 105
 Retainer to his synagogue?
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your bosom friend, as you suppose,
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
 Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow, 110
 Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
 And, tho' a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe, where you now are;
 Which you would gratefully repay, 115
 Your constant Presbyterian way.

V. 102. 103. 104.] Here is an amazing discovery
 opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehensions va-
 nish with the night: no sooner does the day break,
 but with joy he perceives his mistake: he finds
 Ralpho in his company instead of an elf or a ghost:
 upon this he is agreeably surpris'd, as he was before
 terribly affrighted.

That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner : 120

And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out,
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did :

And, tho' they lay to him the pageant, 125
I did not see him, nor his agent ;

Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.

But didst thou see no devils then ?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130

A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezabel,

That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135
That play'd the devil to examine me ?

A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown ;

Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But for my part, I ne'er believ'd it : 140

In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats ;

Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,

More plainly than the rev'rend writer 145
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre ;

V. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one
in those times that this character would have
sui'ted, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham,
Bishop of Orkney, is suerred at in this place by Mr.
Butler. He was so base as to renounce and ab-
jure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his
own hand, at Brecknells, in Strones, February 11,
1639.

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All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone, 150
To aet the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my bellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of spirit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon, 155
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye; 160
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confusing.

The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain 165
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind his back:
For having paus'd to recollect, 175
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd, 180
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;

Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185
 That made me from this leaguer rise,
 And when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base:
 Was better cover'd by the new-
 arriv'd detachment, than I knew; 190
 To slight my new acquets, and run,
 Victoriously, from battles won;
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost;
 To make me put myself to flight, 195
 And, conquer'ring, run away by night;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do:
 To mount me in the dark, by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might the unequal fight renew;
 And, to preserve thy outward man, 205
 Assum'd my place and led the van.

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself, but you:
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs; 210
 To mount two-wheel caroches, worse
 Than managing a wooden horse;
 Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,
 Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers;
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
 Had had no reason to complain;
 But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,

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And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons. 220
The enemy was reinforce'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualified for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, tho' as desperate in th' attempt, 225
Has given you freedom to condemn 't.

But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again : 230
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice :
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamblers tear their losing-cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
'To rally, and prove serviceable :
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes 240
To make an hon'able retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat :
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part 245
Of conduct, in the martial art ;
By which some glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains ;

And, in the end, prevails as certain 255
 As those that never trust to Fortune;
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution;
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men
 That only sav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If every one would save but one?
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done;
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory; 270
 And sometime, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all;
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in Gazettes;
 And when, for furious haste to run, 275
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome;
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame, 280
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells:
 And, tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
 By flattering heaven with a lie,
 And, for their beating, giving thanks,
 They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly; 290

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And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights;
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum; 300
 With th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
 To victory necessitate;
 With which, altho' they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return;
 Or else their sultan populaces 305
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out they 'ad won the day; 310
 Altho' the rabble fous'd them for 'r,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
 'Tis true our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far,
 But not so resolute and bold, 315
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle;
 Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' th' expedition, 320
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out:
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325
 And fight their stubborn guts to death;

And those atchieve the high't renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down.
 There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330
 And feats of arms to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory' or forage:
 For if they fight 'tis but by chance, 335
 When one side vent'ring to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully' i' th' rear,
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance, 340
 To pick out ground t' incamp upon,
 Where store of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriors;
 Where both from side to side may skip, 345
 And only' encounter at ho-peep:
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,
 The certainer they 're to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The water-rat, their strict ally.
 For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?
 But who bears hunger best, and cold?
 And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355
 Who longest can hold out at starving;
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 'The formidablest man of prowess.
 So th' Emperor Caligula,
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;

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Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
 With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
 And led his troops with furious gallops,
 To charge whole regiments of scallops;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car;
 But when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up,
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to victualling of a camp well.

365

370

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse

375

Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
 To hope by stratagem, to wooe her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her;
 Tho' some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies;

380

As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
 By courting of her back and side.
 But since those times and feats are over,

385

They are not for a modern lover,
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
 By such addresses to be gain'd;
 And if they were, would have it out
 With many another kind of bout.

390

Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezabel,
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms;
 But rather strive by law to win her,
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord;

395

Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what pass'd between you ; 400
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And bills upon record been found, 405
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the business you look after.
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war, 410
 In which the law does execution,
 With less disorder and confusion ;
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old,
 When those the pen had drawn together, 415
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more than bullets now of lead :
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures ;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms,
 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight, 425
 Determines which is wrong or right :
 For whether you prevail, or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close ;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere ye've done. 430
 The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woe ;
 That makes the most perfidious lover,
 A lady, that's as false, recover ;

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And if it judge upon your side, 435
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages, 440
Who, tho' their business at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,

In which they' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest 445

T' impair their public interest, -
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession :
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side ; 450

And tho' we're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle,
While lawyers have more sober sense 455

Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss :

And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460
But have no int'rest in the cause

For which they' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.

And tho' they' abounded in all ages, 465
With sundry learned clerks and sages ;

Tho' all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,
They've no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert, 470

While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound :
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians ;
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
 Condemn the way each other deals in ;
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480
 And heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
 To expose their trade to disputation,
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
 In which, whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession 's sure to pay.
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
 Dare undertake to do their feats, 490
 When in all other sciences
 They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward Light, a deed in law ?
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
 An answer to a Declaration ?
 For those that meddle with their tools,
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :
 And if you follow their advice,
 In bills, and answers, and replies, 500
 They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,

V. 475.] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born in the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

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And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make him better seem his own,
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking when they take a purse) 510
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transiſion, fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer. 520
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverse
My ſuit and title to her favours;
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heav'n forbid, 525
O'erthrow me as the Fiddler did,
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh chouſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain, 535
Is but to ſquander more in vain;
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:

For to reduce her by main force,
 Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse ; 540
 But worst of all to give her over,
 Till she's as desperate to recover :
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,
 Until they're never to be won ;
 But since I have no other course, 545
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
 He that complies against his will,
 Is of his own opinion still,
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
 For reasons to himself best known ; 550
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
 Whom I must answer, or begin,
 Inevitably, first with him ;
 For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
 By times enough, of his intent ;
 And knowing he that first complains
 Th' advantage of the business gains :
 For courts of justice understand
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand ; 560
 Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other nothing till he swear ;
 Is freely' admitted to all grace,
 And lawful favour, by his place ;
 And for his bringing custom in, 565
 Has all advantages to win :
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky opportunity,
 Will go to counsel, to advise
 Which way t' encounter or surprise, 570
 And after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 As counsellor, and justice too.

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And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575
A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all: 580

Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege, 585

And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Fuddle-dock, for want of money: 590

Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
'Tho' sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595

For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind 'em over for his fee:

Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways; 600

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway, 605

For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandeleers; 610

Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine ;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend ;
 As residentiary bawds,
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,
 And pay church duties and his fees ;
 But was implacable and awkward
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.

615

To this brave man the Knight repairs
 For counsel in his law-affairs,
 And found him mounted in his pew,
 With books and money plac'd, for shew,
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
 And for his false opinion pay :
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
 Put off his hat, to put his case ;
 Which he as proudly entertain'd
 As the other courteously strain'd ;
 And, to assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

620

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
 Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.

And now he brags to 'ave beaten me.

630

Better, and better still, quoth he.

And vows to stick me to a wall,

Where'er he meets me—Best of all.

'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath

That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.

635

When he 'as confess'd he stole my cloak,

And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;

Which was the cause that made me bang him,

And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.

Now, whether I should beforehand,

645

Swear he robb'd me ?—I understand.

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Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whorefson.
Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right. 650
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 655
May traverse the action?—Better still.
Then there's a lady, too—Aye, marry.
That's easily prov'd accessary;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforefaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body,—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night. 670
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye, 675
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy; 680
I wou'd it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:

I wou'd so trounce her, and her purse,
 I'd made her kneel for better or worse ;
 For matrimony and hanging, here, 685
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure may pick and chuse,
 As cress I win, and pile you lose ;
 And if I durst, I wou'd advance
 As much in ready maintenance, 690
 As upon any case I've known ;
 But we that practise dare not own :
 The law severely contrabands
 Our taking business off men's hands ;
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them till there is not leather,
 To stick a pin in, left of either ;
 For which some do the summer-fault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault : 700
 But you may swear at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state ;
 For in all courts of justice here
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath, that is, in plain terms, 705
 To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat——)
 For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710
 Like Charity ; else right and wrong
 Cou'd never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
 Convey men's interest, and right,
 From Stiles's pockets into Noxes's, 715
 As easily as *Hocus Pocus* ;
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious ;
 And clear again, like *Licinus doctus*.

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Then, whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your wife, 720
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters pass,
 The business to the law's alone,
 The proof is all it looks upon:
 And you can want no witnesses, 725
 To swear to any thing you please,
 That hardly get their mere expenses
 By th' labour of their consciences,
 Or letting out, to hire, their ears
 To Affidavit-customers, 730
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for jurymen, or tales,
 Altho' retain'd in th' hardest matters
 Of trustees and administrators.

For that, (quoth he) let me alone; 735
 We 'ave store of such, and all our own,
 Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
 Th' ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, (quoth he) but I should guess, 740
 By weighing all advantages,
 Your surest way is first to pitch
 On Bongey for a water-witch;
 And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
 Ye 've time enough to deal with her.

V. 742.] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art.

In th' int'rim spare for no trepans 745
 To draw her neck into the banns ;
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilletts,
 With trains t' inveigle and surprise
 Her heedless answers and replies ; 750
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They'll serve for other bye-designs ;
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal, or hand ;
 Or find void places in the paper 755
 To steal in something to intrap her ;
 Till with her worldly goods, and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply i' th' Temples, under trees, 760
 Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn ;
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765
 And Affidavit-men ne'er fail
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and clothes,
 Their only necessary tools,
 Besides the gospel and their souls ; 770
 And when ye 're furnish'd with all purveys,
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
 A straw to understand a case,
 Without the admirable skill 775
 To wind and manage it at will ;
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
 Against the weather-gage of laws,
 And ring the changes upon cases,
 As plain as noses upon faces. 780

As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid, 785
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

F e e

A N

A N
HEROICAL EPISTLE
O F
HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle, 5
By you turn'd out to grafs with cattle:
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces and fair eyes; 10
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to 've won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own. 15
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much you've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true; 20
But not because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, tho' delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears, 25
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd to 've done 't
Upon as different an account; 30
'The one for great and weighty cause,
To save, in honour, ugly flaws;

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For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honour :
The other, for base gain and pay 35
Forswear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person, 40
'Tis to say he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same :
For to be able to forget, 45

Is found more useful to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But tho' the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent ;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;

And, when one member is forsworn, 55
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't. 60

For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done, 65
Altho' you now disdain to own ;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.

Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
 That literal sense the words infer ; 70
 But, by the practice of the age,
 Are to be judg'd how far they' engage ;
 And where the sense by custom's checkt,
 Are found void and of none effect ;
 For no man takes or keeps a vow, 75
 But just as he sees others do ;
 Nor are they' oblig'd to be so brittle,
 As not to yield and bow a little :
 For as best temper'd blades are found,
 Before they break, to bend quite round ; 80
 So truest oaths are still most tough,
 And, tho' they bow, are breaking proof.
 Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
 In love a greater latitude ?
 For as the law of arms approves 85
 All ways to conquest, so shou'd love's ;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails :
 For how can that which is above
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90
 Submit its great prerogative
 To any other power alive ;
 Sha'l Love, that to no crown gives place,
 Become the subject of a case ?
 The fundamental law of Nature 95
 Be over-rul'd by those made after ?
 Commit the censure of its cause
 To any but its own great laws ?
 Love that 's the world's preservative,
 That keeps all souls of things alive ? 100
 Controls the mighty power of Fate,
 And gives mankind a longer date ;
 The life of Nature, that restores
 As fast as Time and Death devours ;

To whose free-gift the world does owe 105
 Not only earth, but heaven too :
 For love's the only trade that's driven,
 The interest of state in heaven,
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 Is capable to entertain. 110
 For what can earth produce but love,
 To represent the joys above ?
 Or who, but lovers, can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?
 Address and compliment by vision, 115
 Make love and court by intuition ?
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
 As those celestial ministers ?
 Then how can any thing offend,
 In order to so great an end ? 120
 Or heaven itself a sin resent,
 That for its own supply was meant ?
 That merit's, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for th' offence's sake ?
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125
 Were left to the injury of laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove
 There shall be equity in love ?
 For laws that are inanimate,
 And feel no sense of love or hate, 130
 That have no passion of their own,
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge on criminals as strict ;
 But to have power to forgive, 135
 Is empire and prerogative ;
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
 To grant a pardon than condemn.
 Then, since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault ; 140

332 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

For why should he who made address
 All humble ways, without success,
 And met with nothing in return
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145
 And bravely carry his design?
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder!
 And, after letting blood, and purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
 And claw'd by goblins in the night;
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
 With rude invasion of his beard;
 And, when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155
 As foully by the rabble handled;
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
 And after all to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his guard; 160
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165
 And nursing babies that lie in,
 Be allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our cully sex, and we use none?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows
 Against your stratagems to oppose, 170
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down?
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
 And kill with a retreating eye;
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175
 To draw us into ambushes:

As pirates all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner ;
 So women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;
 And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurers' less subtle books :
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues 185
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
 With greater art and cunning re'r'd,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard ;
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 Those to adore them they disdain ; 190
 And only draw them into clog,
 With idle names, a catalogue.
 A lover is, the more he's brave,
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,
 And whatsoever she commands, 195
 Becomes a favour from her hands,
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just.
 Then when he is compell'd by her
 T' adventures he wou'd else forbear, 200
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command ?
 And when necessity's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad :
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
 Join'd forces not to be withstood
 By frail inamour'd flesh and blood,
 All I have done unjust or ill,
 Was in obedience to your will, 210
 And all the blame that can be due
 Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those scandals I confess,
 Against my will and interest,
 More than is daily done, of course, 215
 By all men, when they 're under force :
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
 But are no sooner out of pain,
 Than they deny it all again. 220
 But when the devil turns confessor,
 Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
 To hear or pardon, like the founder
 Of liars, whom they all claim under :
 And therefore when I told him none, 225
 I think it was the wiser done.
 Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went ;
 All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does the same, or worse. 230
 For what romance can shew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his amours ?
 And what at first was held a crime, 235
 Has turn'd to honorable in time.

To what a height did Infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come ?
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd ;
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade, to wooe :
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245
 Nor juggled about settlements :
 Did need no license, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,

Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In the holy state of matrimony, 250
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 'Till alimony or death departs ;
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until
 They' had got the very bride's good will,
 But took a wife and shorter course 255
 To win the ladies, downright force ;
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,
 As they have, often since, us men,
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all love's intrigues ; 260
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;
 For after matrimony's over,
 He that hold's out but half a lover,
 Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more 265
 Than half a year of love before ;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270
 And such as all posterity
 Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
 For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one, 275
 And they no freedom of their own ;
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
 Tho' by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;

And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse,
 And gratefully submit to those 285
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why shou'd ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great Lord's interest?
 Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
 And Nature, o'er the creature has? 290
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion
 That Nature gave him over women;
 When all his power will not extend 295
 One law of Nature to suspend;
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smallest clause, is to repel.
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they wou'd make good,
 And not, like fots, permit their wives 300
 T' incroach on their prerogatives,
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery:
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305
 Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
 And disobey'd in making love,
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
 And make ye suffer, as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fault: 310
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315
 Excess of love and temper too;

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All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sov'reign a control
 O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul, 320
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
 Both with an equal pow'r possess,
 To render all that serve you blest;
 But none like him, who's destin'd either 325
 To have or lose you both together;
 And if you'll but this fault release,
 (For so it must be, since you please)
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330
 And expiate upon my skin,
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin:
 For 'tis but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing penance for delay,
 Which shall be done, until it move 335
 Your equal pity and your love:

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
 Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,
 And read it, like a jocund lover,
 With great applause, t' himself, twice over; 340
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
 And humble distance to his wit,
 And dated it with wondrous art,
 Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
 Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345
 A smoking faggot—and above,
 Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,
 And near it—For her Ladyship,
 Of all her sex most excellent,
 These to her gentle hands present; 350
 Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
 With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
 To send it back, or burn the letter :
 But guessing that it might import, 355
 Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,
 She open'd it, and read it out,
 With many a smile and leering flout ;
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
 And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

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THE
LADY'S ANSWER.
TO
THE KNIGHT

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,
 At least to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the pound replevin you,
 When both your sword and spurs were won 5
 In combat by an Amazon;
 That sword that did, like Fate, determine
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10
 By Trulla was, in single fight,
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,
 And in the stocks close prisoners,
 Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint, 15
 If I, in pity' of your complaint,
 Had not, on honourable conditions,
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
 And what returns that favour met
 You cannot (tho' you wou'd) forget;
 When, being free, you strove t' evade
 The oaths you had in prison made;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd, and justify'd it,
 And when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow, 25
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter for your ears, 30
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim us boldly as your due;

34° THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Declare that treachery and force
 To deal with us, is th' only course ;
 We have no title nor pretence 35
 To body, soul, or conscience,
 But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware:
 These are the motives which, t' induce,
 Or fright us into love, you use ; 40
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting ;
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
 For charity at once, and threat,
 But since you undertake to prove 45
 Your own propriety in love,
 As if we were but lawful prize
 In war between two enemies,
 Or forfeitures which ev'ry lover,
 That would but sue for, might recover ; 50
 It is not hard to understand
 The mystery of this bold demand,
 That cannot at our persons aim,
 But something capable of claim.
 'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,
 But our right diamonds, that inspire
 And set your amorous hearts on fire ;
 Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
 Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60
 And make us wear like Indian Dames,
 Add fuel to your scorching flames,
 But those true rubies of the rock,
 Which in our cabinets we lock.
 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65
 That you are so transported with,
 But those we wear about our necks,
 Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
 The perriwigs you make us wear, 70
 But those bright guineas in our chests,
 That light the wildfire in your breasts.
 These love tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their fly intrigues I know,
 And can unriddle, by their tones, 75
 Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
 What raptures fond and amorous,
 O' th' charms and graces of my house; 80
 What ecstacy and scorching flame
 Burns for my money in my name;
 What, from the unnatural desire
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
 Inamour'd, at first sight, withal; 90
 To these they' address with serenades,
 And cour with balls and masquerades;
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Ye 'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment, in your choice of love, 100
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study 't as an art;
 For love shou'd, like a deodand,
 Still fall to the owner of the land;

342 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

And, where there's substance for its ground, 105
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,
 Which is of such thin subtlety,
 It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again as nice a way.

But love that its extraction owns
 From solid gold and precious stones,
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115
 As solid, and as glorious love.
 Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
 Our charms and graces but by these;
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
 Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
 With which a philtre love commands?

This is the way all parents prove
 In managing their children's love,
 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
 As if they' were burying of the dead;
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
 To join in wedlock all they have,
 And, when the settlement's in force,
 Take all the rest for better or worse; 130
 For money has a power above
 The stars, and fate, to manage love,
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
 That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
 And tho' some say the parents' claims 135
 To make love in their children's names,
 Who, many times, at once provide
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
 Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
 And woe and contract in their names, 140

And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money ;
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing ;
 And when they 're at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage chuse.
 All this is right ; but, for the course
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done,
 No more than setters can betray,
 That tell what tricks they are to play.
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
 Which all men either break, or bow ;
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but wooe ?
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,
 For earnest to their treachery, 160
 And, rather than a crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it less :
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
 Maintain their innocence to the last ;
 And when their crimes were made appear, 165
 As plain as witnesses can swear,
 Yet when the wretches come to die,
 Will take upon their death a lie.
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
 So slight as to be justify'd,
 By being as shamefully deny'd ;
 As if you thought your word would pass,
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case ;
 Or credit were not to be lost 175
 B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,

344 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

That eats perfidiously his word,
 And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board;
 Can own the same thing, and disown,
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*; 180
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn;
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
 These are the virtues in whose name 185
 A right to all the world you claim,
 And boldly challenge a dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
 Of whom no less will satisfy,
 Than all the sex, your tyranny: 190
 Altho' you'll find it a hard province,
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,
 To govern such a num'rous crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you;
 For if you were all Solomons, 195
 And wise and great as he was once,
 You'll find they're able to subdue
 (As they did him) and baffle you.
 And if you are impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own temptation done, 200
 That with your ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the sleight;
 For when we find ye're still more taken
 With false attracts of our own making,
 Swear that's a rose and that's a stone, 205
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
 You force us in our own defences,
 To copy beams and influences; 210
 To lay perfections on the graces,
 And draw attracts upon our faces,

And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit :
For by the practice of those arts 215
We gain a greater share of hearts :
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a present to be given. 220
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel
How fair and sweet the planted rose 225
Beyond the wild in hedges grows !
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds :
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
And polish'd, looks a diamond ? 230
Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness ;
And mankind but a savage herd, 235
For all that Nature has conferr'd :
This does but rough hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Tho' women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again : 240
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end !
And that it is in being yet, 245
To us alone you are in debt.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice ?

Since all the privilege you boast,
 And falsely' usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250
 Is now our right, to whose creation
 You owe your happy restoration.
 And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255
 And shallow formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260
 You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit and own yourselves our slaves :
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265
 In ord'ring you, and your affairs,
 When all your empire and command
 You have from us, at second-hand ;
 As if a pilot that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers, 270
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like ev'ry common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
 And did not guide the man of war :
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275
 In Councils, do not govern there ;
 While, like the mighty Prester John,
 Whose person none dares look upon,

V. 277.] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

But is preserv'd in close disguise,
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
 W'enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men;
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;
 Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able
 To serve France for a Grand Constable.
 We make and execute all laws,
 Can judge the Judges, and the Cause; 290
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
 To th' long robe, or the longer tongue,
 'Gainst which the world has no defense,
 But our more pow'rful eloquence.
 We manage things of greater weight 295
 In all the world's affairs of state;
 Are ministers of war and peace,
 That sway all nations how we please.
 We rule all churches, and their flocks,
 Heretical and orthodox, 300
 And are the heavenly vehicles
 O' th' spirits in all conventicles:
 By us is all commerce and trade
 Improv'd and manag'd and decay'd;
 For nothing can go off so well, 305
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
 We rule in every public meeting,
 And make men do what we judge fitting;
 Are magistrates in all great towns,
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310
 We make the man of war strike fail,
 And to our braver conduct vail,

V. 285.] Joan of Arc, called also *The Pucelle*
Maid of Orleans.

348 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state, 315

Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious?

He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't;

Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;

And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325

Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,

In spite of all your caution, trust;

And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,

Can fit you with what heirs we please; 330

And force you t' own them, tho' begotten

By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorouslest course

Prevail, unless to make us worse;

Who still the harsher we are us'd, 335

Are further off from being reduc'd,

And scorn t' abate for any ills,

The least punctilios of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply

Arts, born with us, for remedy, 340

Which all your politics, as yet,

Have ne'er been able to defeat:

For, when ye 've try'd all sorts of ways,

What fools do we make of you in plays?

While all the favours we afford, 345

Are but to girt you with the sword,

To fight our battles in our steads,

And have your brains beat out o' your heads;

Encounter. in despite of nature,
 And fight, at once, with fire and water, 350
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;
 Kill one another, and cut throats,
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;
 To do your exercise for honour, 355
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known;
 And still appear the more industrious,
 The more your projects are preposterous; 360
 To square the circle of the arts,
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;
 Expound the oracle of laws,
 And turn them which way we see cause:
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365
 And stand for us in all engagements.
 And these are all the mighty powers
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,
 And what in real value's wanting,
 Supply with vapouring and ranting: 370
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,
 And stoop to one another's pride,
 Believe we have as little wit
 To be out-hector'd, and submit;
 By your example, lose that right 375
 In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
 And terrify'd into an awe,
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
 Or, as some nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your mighty race; 380
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the better women.

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